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The Week.

WHEN the American General Jordan gets his force of six thousand picked men "in that condition of efficiency he wants it to be in, he will sweep down unexpectedly upon the many scattered detachments of the over-confident Spaniards, and is hopeful of capturing them in detail." But meantime we have only skirmishes of small importance. Each one illustrates the barbarity with which the Spanish race carries on war. Both Cubans and Spaniards reproduce the scenes of the old guerilla warfare against the French, and of the fighting of the Carlist troubles. Murdering cruelty worthy of pirates seems to have got thoroughly worked into the blood of the race, and volunteers and insurgents alike kill prisoners, as regularly as they catch them, with what seems a needless ferocity, which to an Anglo-Saxon is revolting. However savage he can be on occasion, when something or somebody is to be stamped out, and however brutal he may be in the treatment of his living enemy, that form of ferocity, which seems as if it must have something of essential cowardice in it, which leads one to put one's enemy to death after his offensive powers are gone, is not among the Anglo-Saxon's faults. But the American Spaniard does it from Mexico to Chili and Havana, and the European Spaniard has a bad reputation in the same respect. The Americans not long since captured near Santiago de Cuba were at once shot, and the commandant at that place could give no better account of himself to Admiral Hoff than that the volunteers forced him to execute the men, although he was unwilling—an answer which called forth a reprimand from Admiral Hoff, and ought to call forth a demand for the commandant's removal and disgrace, whatever may be the "custom of the country." Nothing more is heard of expeditions from this country, and the Junta seems to be entirely disbanded, which leaves out of employment a number of fine officers whose exploits strongly remind one of the achievements of the late military and fiscal departments of the Irish Republic. The men who were taken at Gardiner's Island have been released and sent away with good advice. Such of them as were sick (from eating unripe fruit on the island) were not sick at their departure; so we may as well believe that their stay at the American Bastille was not so full of hardship as it might have been. Mr. Charles S. Spencer, and our other friends of the Republican General Committee, who wanted General Barlow removed for his failure to let them manage his appointments for him, and who have been believing that they saw a favorable sign in the fact that it was the District Attorney who received the President's commission to see that the neutrality law was strictly

enforced, will be grieved to see that the General is commissioned in like manner, and that as yet there are no indications that "our best workers" would have any "show" at the Marshal's office.

Dr. A. G. Mackey, of Charleston, we take to be the gentleman who, in the days when a great figure could be cut on a small capital of the right sort, made some figure here in the North as an original Union man, who, at the risk of his life, had preserved a Federal flag and remained true to the Union cause. He has been prominent in Charleston politics since the war, was made collector of the port in that city, and is understood to "swing the negro vote" in that region. Apparently, he is fighting Senator Sawyer, the leader of the Northern white Republicans, and Congressman Bowen; and these two have been too much for him in Washington, and have caused his official head to be cut off and his office to be given to a Mr. George W. Clark. Dr. Mackey stigmatizes Mr. Clark as a third-rate sutler; and when that gentleman forcibly effected an entrance into the collector's rooms, the doctor more than hinted that he did not believe him to be over and above honest. At all events, he avowed his intention of keeping the office himself till he had made an inventory of all the public property in his hands, and received a receipt. This looks business-like and proper, and it may have been so; but we do not profess great faith in the doctor, we may admit, and are inclined to think it would have taken him a good while to make his inventories. We are not believers in Mr. Clark, either, for that matter. The fact is, we suppose that both the one and the other of them are tolerable specimens of a class represented by men like Hunnicutt in Virginia, Bradley in Georgia, "Jack" Hamilton in Texas, and others, of whom there are dozens in every Southern State, and of whom all the good any one can say of them is that they were flaming Radicals once, and of whom the latest bad anybody living at a distance can say of many of them is that they have "sold out" their former friends with as little scruple as ever they showed in speech or action. However that may be, Clark and Mackey had a long wrangle, after which Mackey ordered Clark out of the room; Clark claimed to be the only lawful collector, and Mackey finally called in his boat's crew and used a certain amount of force to eject his successor—all to the credit of the party, and to the great honor of the system which grants offices of prominence to men like Bowen to be bestowed on men like Mackey—original Unionist though the one may be, and repentant rebel the other. We for our part freely forgive the Southerners all that percentage of the contempt that some of them feel for Northerners which has sprung from a knowledge of the practices of these gentry. And we are willing to wait in hope for the action in Virginia of the party which, under the lead of Mr. Walker, has got the better of the Wells party—the first victory of importance over as bad a plague as ever infested Southern politics.

Still these Mackeys and Clarks have some excuse for existing in honor and importance; or, rather, it is easy to see how their task of doing so is made comparatively easy for them. At a little place in Barnwell District, on the Georgia border, there has just occurred a display of partisan hatred and violence which will do something, we may be sure, to delay the day when the colored Radical majority in South Carolina shall feel disposed to loosen their hold on the white minority. The State has recently been divided into townships after the New England fashion, and an election took place last week for the office of township clerk at the place referred to. The Radical

candidate was a young white man, of good standing, very popular with the negroes—a Mr. Pickens Woodward; the Conservative candidate was a Mr. John Greene, who was defeated. The election took place at a cross-roads store, and after it was over Mr. Pickens Woodward and two of his brothers found themselves in company with Greene, his son, his son-in-law, and two men of the name of Tyler. One of the Tylers remarks that he doesn't blame the niggers for what they have done; but what he does blame are these damned white scalawags who consent to run on a nigger ticket. Upon this, A. P. Woodward says his brother ran on such a ticket, and demands that Tyler shall retract. Pickens Woodward, hearing this, steps into the group with his revolver drawn, and John Greene tries to knock the pistol out of his hand; hereupon he is shot dead by A. P. Woodward, and the same person, turning, shoots young Holland—Greene's son-in-law—who appeared to be on the point of interfering. The affair then becomes a *mêlée*, in which everybody is engaged, and in which, when the pistols are emptied, the knife is used till every man in the room is wounded, more or less seriously. Holland, lying on the floor, succeeds in getting out his pistol while the affray is going on, and shoots A. P. Woodward through the kidneys, inflicting a probably fatal wound, after which he himself dies. As usual, the comments of the press are rather worse than the atrocities commented on. All the parties, says the *Augusta Chronicle and Sentinel*, are "highly honorable and of undoubted social standing;" Mr. A. P. Woodward "is a man of good character, and a capital shot with a pistol."

From the rest of the South there is no better news than that the crops—corn, long-staple cotton and short-staple—are all doing well. The heat has been rather too great for corn, but cotton has weathered the caterpillar, we hear, and may be called safe, even in the Sea Islands, where the cotton-worm seemed to have become a regular resident, and where he had nearly abolished agriculture. This is particularly good news, because nearly all the South had invested heavily in fertilizers, and bad crops would have been not only a loss of money but a great discouragement to the Southern agriculturist—never too much disposed to adopt new methods—and would have discouraged still more the negro, who is a natural conservative in all things. In Texas, Hamilton, "the Andy Johnson of Texas," seems to have the better of his antagonists, who, however, will work hard, although talking Radical Republicanism to Texas negroes must be dangerous business. The ex-governor has been playing into the hands of the Conservatives for some time, and though his day will no doubt be short when once they have done with him, his new alliance is likely to give him a gubernatorial term. Louisiana seems to be perfectly quiet. In Mississippi, some of the Republicans propose to elect Judge Dent on a platform like that of the Virginia Conservative Republicans. Judge Dent being a relative of Grant's, there has, of course, been talk to the effect that it was by the President's favor that he is to be nominated and elected; but a very good authority—the best among the Washington correspondents, who tells what we have no doubt is the truth of the matter, and who has very good means of knowing it—says that Grant is averse to the scheme, which certainly did not originate with him and as to which he was not consulted. And, by the way, the talk about Grant's nepotism has for its principal value the fact that it shows on what slight things adverse criticism has to fasten. The *World* gave the other day a list of seven of Grant's relatives, besides Judge Dent, who hold office. But of these, as the *Times* points out, four hold appointments given them by President Johnson; and of the other three, one is an old appointee of Mr. Johnson's, and the other is not in office. It may well be, however, that there were not many applicants for places held by known connections of the Grant family, and that secretaries were not very forward to remove these. In the other Southern States there is hardly a ripple of news. Excitement seems to have risen high in Wilmington at a recent election, and threats were freely made, but nothing came of them. Virginia is still gratulating herself on the result of the late contest, and looking about for Senators—who are to be Virginians, it appears, and not Northerners of any kind—which we suppose is right enough; but what will Colonel Forney say to it?

The French Cable was landed at Duxbury on Friday, and has been found to be in good order in every part of the line. Its arrival at this quiet port, which has been in rather a decaying state of late, created less excitement than might have been anticipated; but with the aid of Boston, the event which is to give the place a new life was celebrated on Tuesday, in a fitting manner. The neighborhood of Plymouth, and another historical "landing," and even Daniel Webster and Marshfield, were duly remembered by those who spoke. Apparently, at least, Massachusetts is nearer the Old World than she was a few days since, and those good Bostonians who, when they die, go to Paris, have now a new consolation in living. The Cable has come in duty free, we see it announced, and, on the whole, cannot complain of its welcome. Reference to the bill reported in January by the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, regulating the rates and privileges of ocean cables, which stipulates that there shall be absolute reciprocity between the governments connected by and using them, will make manifest the propriety of Secretary Fish's warning to the French company. The written assent which he is reported to have obtained to whatever conditions Congress may impose, corresponds to the provision of the bill which demands "a written acceptance of the terms and conditions" imposed by the act, before the Cable can be laid or established. Practically, the question of reciprocity, as between one Government and the other, may not arise before Congress meets and makes the bill a law; but, as we pointed out last week, we are dealing with a Government which consults nothing but its own pleasure in regard to telegraphic communication within and from its domain, and makes to its own citizens concessions which it denies to Americans.

It is of good omen to the Harvard men who are going to pull against Oxford that the not first-rate crew which they left behind them has beaten the best crew which Yale has turned out for years—has ever turned out, it would probably be better to say; but we believe it is treason to say anything against the pre-eminence of the "Wilbur Bacon crew." All the reporters seem to think so, at all events. This year's Yale crew was certainly an exceedingly good one—heavy, of good age, experienced in racing, sedulously trained, if not well trained, in good condition by all accounts, and with a confident hope of victory—which in itself is very much. But, as it happened, they drew the outside position, which if the competitors go up the course abreast necessitates a longer turn at the stake-boat, and they made a splashing start, while the Harvard crew made a clean one, and were rowing with good style from the word "go." The innovation of keeping the men waiting some seconds between the order to make ready and the order to start, seems to have had the effect of flurrying them, probably dividing their attention between the oars, which should have had it all, and the judge's voice. As it turned out, Yale could not afford either of these disadvantages. Less was known of the Harvard crew than of their opponents, and less is known now, for they seem to have been somewhat reserved in their conversations with correspondents. But evidently they are a very good crew indeed; their time—18 m. 2 s.—has never but once been beaten on the Lake, and five years ago would have seemed fabulous. It is the opinion of experts that the stroke is the one point in which the Yale men were not superior to their antagonists, the latter feathering low, pulling quickly through the water, with a "kick at the stretcher," or foot-board, at the finish, and with a long reach forward, but only a little bending back. Yale feathers higher, pulls about six fewer strokes to the minute, and bends further back. This is the style of the Wards, and is probably better for heavier men and heavier boats than the colleges use. Main strength has played a greater part in the Wards' races than it ever has in those of the collegians; and, anyhow, it would be better, we fancy, for Yale to discard professionals altogether and throw herself, as Harvard does, on a body of boating tradition, no link of which is ever broken, and which is always increasing. There were no Junior or Sophomore crews on either side, we are sorry to see; but the Yale Freshmen, to whom we wish better luck next time, were, like their elders and betters, defeated by Harvard, who certainly gives promise of beating Oxford if anybody in England takes the trouble to see that the American four

gets what we should give an English four who should come here—namely, a clear course. We see, by the way, that the trainer of the Yale crew was allowed to row near them on the home-stretch and speak to them—an example which is not to be followed, it is to be hoped, as being confusing to spectators, to say no more of it. By-and-by, however, the practice would become a fruitful parent of fouls.

What everybody that knows anything about prison discipline has been predicting for years has now come to pass, and the prison at Sing Sing is in a condition of almost complete disorganization. Disobedience, rioting, escapes, and occasional murders on the part of the convicts; inefficiency, alternating with cruelty, on the part of the officers, are the order of the day. This state of affairs is the result of making the prison a political institution, so far as regards its officers; and then letting officers and contractors together, from inspectors down to the favored convicts who keep the books for contractors, make all the money they can out of the State and out of the prisoners. Cruelty, inefficiency, and greedy money-making together have so mismanaged the prison that the rascality of the Democracy in this city is really no more a shame to the citizens than the rascality of the officials who have had Sing Sing in charge has been a shame to the Republican party, which has largely had the appointment of them. It is a pity that the Prison Association, incorporated some twenty-odd years ago, and whose charter empowers it to take evidence and to make thorough inspection, does not publish its testimony in some better form than the bulky volume which at present it has chosen. The appendix to the last report, containing the evidence given before them by Mr. Locke, ought to be in the hands of every voter. Mr. Solomon Kohnstamm, the bounty swindler—whom, by the way, Mr. Johnson pardoned out because his health could not bear confinement—sitting comfortably with his wife in a nicely furnished room, with a closet full of cigars and brandy by his side, and shelves of boxes around him full of little articles of merchandise which he can dispose of to convicts and officers at a small profit, is a figure which it would be of service to the best interests of the prison to have generally known. So is the figure of the convict who, if they will get him a pardon, offers to show two prison officials where they can dig up some stolen bonds, for the return of which a reward of five thousand dollars is offered; and who is taken over to Connecticut by them one night, and does not find the money because they have not got the pardon, but who consents to go again with them on their really getting it and showing it to him. So is the figure of the keeper who was discharged for refusing to falsify the books, and who was told he could have his place again by paying one hundred dollars to a certain inspector. The whole place is a dark place of the earth, and full of the habitations of cruelty—a place for demoralizing criminals.

Mr. Mill's assertion of a widespread discontent with their legal condition among intelligent women has been confirmed, almost upon the appearance of his book, by the petition presented last Thursday in the House of Commons by Sir Charles W. Dilke. It was signed by 25,000 women, and asked for the franchise. The force of it is to be measured not by the number of signatures, but by its relation to the movement as a whole in England, where was witnessed last year a resolute though unsuccessful effort to obtain suffrage through the courts, under the auspices of a "National Society for Women's Suffrage," which issued instructions and blank forms to intending claimants. In Paris, a few days before, a meeting took place, which, perhaps, will not prove barren of results, as surely it should not. The editors of a newspaper, *Droit des Femmes*, gathered some sixty kindred spirits, none notable, together, and after speech-making by both the men and the women, a programme was read and distributed for adhesion. The substance of its claims for women is "civil rights," or a legal existence, and we presume it does not ask the suffrage. The Code Napoléon offers steady work for some time to come, and it will be long before suffrage can be made the logical order of the day. But it is not found that the successes of reform always wait for the logical sequence.

The conflict between Lords and Commons has ended in a compromise involving no substantial sacrifice on the part of the latter. The test vote on the preamble, after the Irish Church Bill came back from the House, produced a pause, which was taken advantage of for a conference between Earl Granville and Lord Cairns, with the effect of bringing about an understanding that saved the bill. The date of disestablishment was retained at 1871, and while the words of the preamble relating to the distribution of the surplus were struck out, the Government plan of distribution remained, modified only by the requirement of distinct and separate sanction from Parliament at every step. In short, the principles of the bill have achieved a complete triumph, and the threatened crisis been indefinitely postponed. The indisposition of the Lords to better themselves by making fresh accessions to their body, which was shown by their rejecting the Life Peerage Bill, even against the support of it by so eminent a Tory as Lord Salisbury, has been regarded with complacency by that wing of the Liberal party which has no desire to stave off the ultimate abolition of the Upper Chamber. For their purposes, the greater the stupidity, obstinacy, and indifference of the Lords to public business, the better. On Monday, the bill consigning the telegraphs to Government control, under the auspices of the Post-office, passed in committee by an emphatic majority. The monopoly is to be permanent; and for those to whom this word is odious in any connection, the *Economist* suggests that as between the Government and any private monopoly, to which the tendency is inevitable, it is wisest to choose the responsible and controllable one, and not opposed to the general interest. The collection and distribution of Cable messages will be one of the new duties of the Post-office.

In France, the expected senatus-consultum has been prepared by the Ministerial Council and submitted to the Emperor; but, whatever may prove to be its nature, it is a programme to which the Liberals do not look forward with eagerness. Their outraged feelings are far from quieted, and their unrest is increased by a want of perfect agreement among themselves. Their meeting to protest against the prorogation has had no other effect than to show, what has been more than once demonstrated, the unfitness of M. Thiers to be their leader or to share the progressive ideas of modern Europe. Silence, the policy advocated by Jules Favre, alone appears practicable until their tongues are loosed again in October. Across the border, in Spain—or, rather, at the border—the Carlist disturbances have been renewed with so much energy that martial law has been proclaimed from Madrid; and several engagements, in some of which the Carlists attacked the town garrisons, have taken place. The reports are unfavorable to the insurgents, who are said to be instigated by Don Carlos in person. Other Continental news is of no great consequence, unless Bismarck's temporary retirement from office, on account of his health, be an exception. Some recent talk of his with a *Herald* correspondent has been published, and shows a ruffled temper towards the late Parliament, and a certain contempt for its capacity to grasp the necessities of the country and the times. He would appear to anticipate some difficulties for them in managing without him, and in order that they may have the chance he has vacated for a time the head of the Ministry. In Bavaria, the fruit of Mr. Bancroft's urgency last fall is beginning to be realized, and the corollary of free expatriation—the abolition of penalties attaching to that act—is now contemplated. Negotiations have been had with the Bavarian Consul at Chicago, by which the Ministry and leading members of the Diet have pledged their support to a bill legalizing in all respects marriages contracted by Bavarians in this country without the previous consent of the home government. The right of citizenship alone is not to be immediately conceded to the wife if an alien; but she ceases to be in the eye of the law merely her husband's mistress, and her children become legitimate, while both may inherit property bequeathed to him, as they could not do heretofore. This legislation is a very proper accompaniment of the late Liberal development in Bavaria, and of Prince Hohenlohe's attitude towards the Ecumenical Council.

SHALL THE REPUBLICAN COMMITTEES OF NEW YORK CITY UNITE?

THE Republican politicians of this State have for some years past been greatly interested in various attempts to reorganize the party in this city. It has been reorganized several times, without being much improved or enlarged by the process; but as there are now two separate "Republican General Committees" in the city, efforts have been frequently made to unite them, and to organize afresh. We do not suppose that these movements have very profoundly stirred the public mind; but as they have attracted some attention, and are certainly interesting to active politicians, a brief exposition of the case may afford instruction to enquiring minds.

The Republican organization, like all other party organizations, tended from an early day to become corrupt. Although the party was always a small minority in the city, it has never, since its formation in 1854, been entirely without power in the State, and has for most of the time had as many offices at its disposal, even in this city, as the Democratic party has had. A party out of power may be honest; but a party in power never can be—at any rate, in this vicinity. When the Republicans swept the North in 1860, and the Custom-house and Navy Yard passed into their charge, the rush of spoilsmen into the local committees drove out what little decency and honesty had continued in them. And here begins our story.

The Republican management in this city is confided to a General Committee, consisting originally of five members from each ward, but now, we believe, of five from each Assembly district. In several of these districts the number of Republican voters is less than 500, and the number of these who have attended primary elections has, of course, been very much smaller—say from ten to fifty. Naturally enough, a still smaller knot of men have found great advantage to themselves in maintaining a residence in these districts, and electing themselves delegates to the various committees and conventions, where their votes were just as valuable as if they had come from St. Lawrence or Chautauqua; and they have managed their votes with such discretion as to have impressed the dispensers of patronage with the conviction that their services would be highly useful to the State. Thus it has come to pass that some dozens of these patriots, each controlling from three to seven votes, have secured snug berths in the Custom-house, Navy Yard, or Internal Revenue offices. The head-centre of the undaunted Republicans of the Sixth Ward (whose vote ranges from 150 to 350, though, under tremendous pressure, it has reached 400) has been for many years a harbor-master, making \$10,000 a year himself, and distributing offices among the faithful twenty or so who rallied at his call to the primary meeting. Indeed, so fat were his pickings that a rebellion broke out against him among his neighbors, and the Republican Association of the Sixth Ward actually split asunder. For a year or so two rival associations were maintained in this ward, each with a full complement of officers and delegates, although there never were one hundred Republicans who attended its primary elections—if, indeed, there were fifty. The reader will please pause and reflect upon the stern integrity with which the twenty-five O'Dwyers rallied to the rescue of the Republican organization from the insidious frauds of the twenty O'Brennans, who, though actually in a clear minority of five, had regularly and unblushingly counted themselves in by a majority of six. After the reader has sufficiently meditated on this example, he will perhaps be prepared to learn that this controversy, which shook the party to its foundations, and at one time threatened it with destruction, was happily compromised, with honor to both sides. The great Brennan retained his harbor-mastership, but the leader of the O'Dwyers was made an Internal Revenue assessor, in which position he has well feathered his own nest, without quite neglecting the young eagles of war who followed him in his darker days.

Such heroic souls are plenty within the limits of this municipality. There is the lawyer, whom some call "shyster," who by managing one ward—which gives only 3,500 Democratic majority every time it votes—has made himself a register in bankruptcy, in which position he is ready and anxious to take any little tribute of esteem, from a house down to an old coat; the red-faced rough, who, representing at the utmost a hundred nominal Republicans,

has pushed forward until he has obtained a place where the life of the Republican party is at his mercy; the sleek official who took up \$80,000 to buy the nomination of his patron for the highest office in the gift of the State, and rent the heavens with his cries against corruption when he found that his candidate was beaten; these, and many more, whom we must not stay to describe, are the offspring of the small and select constituencies which have long held the balance of power in the General Committee of this city.

But, taking a more general view of this choice institution, now grievously rent by divisions, what does the reader suppose he will see in the hall of a Republican General Committee? Stand at the polls and watch the men who vote the Republican ticket in this city. Nine out of ten, at the very least, are respectably dressed, clean-faced, intelligent men; not two in ten bear the slightest trace of liquor in their faces; not one in fifty looks as if he had ever been actually drunk; not one in a hundred looks like a "fighting man." Now go to the first meeting of the Republican General Committee. Behold a shouting, smoking, hard-drinking, swearing, riotous mob of men, two-thirds of whom are red-faced, bleary-eyed, dirty, obscene, shoulder-hitting wretches, who look like a cross between bar-keepers and prize-fighters. How, in the name of decency, did they get there? The answer is simple. In the few districts where respectable men have a majority at the primary elections, they make up their tickets with an allowance of two-fifths to the roughs from motives of policy. In the rest of the districts, the delegations are made up of one scoundrel in a good coat and clean shirt, and four scoundrels not so bad inside as he, but having an external appearance more in keeping with their nature. Thus it comes about that, no matter what faction may be uppermost, the roughs are always in a majority.

From 1860 to 1866, this process went on without interruption. Mr. Weed having the ear of the President, the faces of the office-holders were turned toward him, and his word was law in the General Committee. Our picture fails to do justice to the character of the institution during most of that period. The processes of election had become thoroughly corrupted, and fraud in the choice of the delegates was the rule and not the exception. The meetings being held in Twenty-third Street, the Committee was familiarly known as the "Twenty-third Street Gang." In 1866, Mr. Weed broke, finally, with the Republican party. The State Convention being appealed to, and assured that the organization in this city was in the hands of Mr. Weed's devoted friends, ordered a new registration and election, which was carried out—the Weed men generally abstaining from taking any part, and refusing to recognize the new committee. The old rooms being leased by one or two individuals, who adhered to Messrs. Johnson, Seward, and Weed, the new committee was obliged to hire new rooms. A minority of the old committee met at the old quarters, shut out all anti-Weed men, and expelled them from the committee by a unanimous vote, after which they ratified the nomination of Mr. Hoffman for governor. But Mr. Hoffman was defeated, and the author of "My Policy" was repudiated on all sides. The old committee-men found that they had made a deplorable blunder. The Tenure-of-Office law removed all scales from their eyes, and they threw themselves at the feet of their lately despised foes, imploring reunion. But they had lost their hold on the party machinery; and the anti-Weed men, who had rushed in when the others deserted, found the taste of power sweet, and would by no means let it go. For more than two years, the groans of the superseded Weedites have failed to move the hearts of the triumphant Fentonians.

One of the self-appointed leaders of the faction in power is a character worth describing, inasmuch as he has been a chief spokesman of that wing of the party, and a most zealous opponent of reunion. He is a noted "Tombs lawyer;" not absolutely the very worst of his class; we do not award him precedence over two or three other members of the New York bar. But still he is capable of much. In power of speech-making generally, in obscenity particularly, in that horrible profanity which surpasses all others—in using which a man about as capable of conceiving of religious sentiment as a hyena uses the holiest and most feeling terms of religion—our Republican leader is "equalled by few and excelled by none." His description of his escape from his house during

the riots of 1863, delivered in a State Convention two years ago, is worth reproduction for the audacity with which it affects piety: "Then, sir, in the dead of night—driven from my house by a blood-thirsty mob bent on my life, for no crime but that of having loved humanity and struggled for universal freedom—I fled for safety, leaving all my cherished household goods to the mercy of the mob, and clasping under one arm my innocent babe, and under the other my sainted father's old family Bible!" He always winds up his speeches, on any triumphant occasion, with a touch of Scripture, and gives out the Doxology at the close of meetings on election nights. And the people sing it! Two thousand people, most of them moral if not positively religious men, and many of them pious women, actually accept the lead of this gentleman—seem to be, nay, are, moved by his piety, and follow him in "Old Hundred" with a will. We read the biennial account of this incident with a profound sense of our want of language to do justice to the subject. The Devil sprinkling holy water is nothing to it.

The great question that is now supposed to be agitating the Republican party in this vicinity is whether these rival committees shall be consolidated. The intelligent reader may by this time go near to suspect our opinion of the magnitude of this problem. It belongs to a class of questions which, we should say, do not wring the mind with anguish very much if it attempts to grasp them. Shall all of the Honorable John Morrissey's places of entertainment be united in one? Shall all the pretty waiter-girls keep one hotel? Shall Mr. McCoole and Mr. O'Baldwin, the Irish Giant, go into partnership? Shall Reddy the Blacksmith unite his fortunes with the gentlemen in court who were so excessively astonished at his disappearance? Shall the burglars consolidate with the pickpockets? These are questions that will doubtless agitate the country when it takes them into consideration; and equally momentous to the interests of the Republican party and the human race is the question, Shall the two New York General Committees unite?

ILLUSTRATIONS OF OUR PUBLIC SERVICE.

SINCE the publication of our recent article on "The Wages in the Public Service," some facts connected with that article and the public service have been laid before us which will be instructive if known.

The Comptroller of the Treasury, it will not be to his discredit to say, is a gentleman of moderate means and blessed with that somewhat old-fashioned blessing, a patriarchal family. For these reasons, and on account of the smallness of his salary, it is no secret that he has wanted to resign for some years, but has been induced to remain in office by the promises of committees and members of Congress. At the last session his salary was raised to \$5,000, but till then—promises to the contrary notwithstanding—it obstinately stuck fast at \$3,500. When the first (supposed) test cases under the "20 per cent. resolution" were awaiting the decision of the Court of Claims, a certain person appeared before the Comptroller to know, if these five test cases should be decided favorably by the Court, would he, the Comptroller, consent to countersign the warrants for all the rest of them? for, if he would, this person would immediately buy them all up, and divide the profits with the Comptroller, or with the Comptroller's wife, or with his eldest son, or with his brother or his brother-in-law, or anybody he might choose to name.

Now the Comptroller was the only officer of the Government who had raised an objection to the payment of these claims, and he was the last officer whose consent was necessary. They numbered over 2,200, and amounted (by a rough estimate) to upward of \$600,000. The Comptroller was not asked to stretch the law, nor to rob the Treasury. He was merely to say that he would follow the decision of the proper Court when it came, and at most divert a small percentage of the money not justly due to these claimants to himself, who had been most unjustly dealt with by Congress. Very plausible reasoning. Is there one man in a thousand, smarting under a sense of Congressional wrong, harassed by the pinchings of family economy, who would not have struck out, partly from revenge, "which is a sort of wild justice," partly from want, and done this thing?

And if it had been done, no scandal would have come of it;

nothing would have been said; nothing would have been done. The supposed test cases *were* decided in favor of the claimants; the Comptroller *was* overruled by the Court in regard to them. Subsequently, they turned out to be no test cases at all, but nobody knew the distinction then. The Comptroller might prettily have said that he but obeyed the law as laid down by the proper tribunal; he might have ceased to be obstinate, and gracefully yielded; and it would have been rather "chivalrous" to have been amiably overruled by the Court of Claims. Finally, he would have made "a good thing out of it." The taxpayers of the country would have had \$600,000 and more of their money paid away to people to whom they didn't owe a farthing; but then they would have saved \$1,500 a year on one official's salary. As for the Thirty-ninth Congress, which passed this "20 per cent. resolution," it was dead and gone and forgotten, and no one would have wasted a kick on it. The only odium that would have fallen on anybody would have gone to the unfortunate Court of Claims for daring to decide the five little supposed test cases according to law, and paying no regard to the large outlay behind them. The Congressional lobby, and those members of Congress who somehow are ever innocently co-operating with the lobby, would then have had plenty to say about the folly of keeping a court to make decisions according to law against the Government, when they and their committees stand ready to do it for nothing. And, above all other advantages, the Comptroller would have learnt the lesson of making money—not out of the Government, of course; but, somehow or other, out of his office; and, having learnt the true value of his office, it would then be necessary for him to pay something to keep it—to subscribe to political loyal leagues—to travel round the country attending to his duties of making blatherskite harangues and of proving himself sound on the main question.

And now, another word or two in regard to a case recently stated in these columns: The letter of Mr. Jackson, informing us that his reappointment is not a sham and cheat, made for the cruel purpose of getting him to educate his successor, relieves the Treasury Department of an unfounded charge and relieves the subject of a side-issue. We doubly regret that the charge ever found its way into the *Nation*, because, in the first place, it was an unintended injustice to the Secretary; and, in the second place, because side-issues always distract the eyes of the jury from the main one, which alone is what we need care about. The main issue in this case is not disproved, is not denied—is, indeed, confessed; and it will do no harm, but good, to press it home.

That issue is this: A citizen of this country, having respectability, health, and a well-acquired professional position, abandons his business and his family from patriotic motives at the beginning of the rebellion and serves manfully through the war. Toward the end of the struggle, four years of unusual hardship and exposure in the miasmatic districts of the Carolinas break down an iron constitution, and the soldier is carried to a military hospital. The malarial fever goes to the brain; for weeks he is delirious, and, months after hostilities have ceased, he is discharged from the hospital and the service insane. His mind, however, is restored in time, but his physical health is impaired and his nervous system shattered. Physicians testify that he cannot return to his practice of the law; that he cannot enter into any active pursuit; but that he must, nevertheless, be kept occupied by some regular employment, free from much responsibility or care. A clerkship in the public service fulfils the precise terms of the physicians' prescription—without it, a gloomy insanity may return; with it, he may earn a meagre subsistence for his family. On these facts, Secretary McCulloch, to his honor, appoints him to an inferior clerkship in the Treasury; on these facts, Secretary Boutwell, to his shame, turns him out.

When the Secretary of the Treasury of the United States—by nature a patriotic, just, kind-hearted man—has accomplished this work (under a military President, too) of driving the broken soldier from the public service, eminent gentlemen in New York write to friends in Washington to "see the Secretary about it;" Mr. George Stuart, of Philadelphia, whose name is a guarantee of what is honest and good, writes to another Secretary, and ministers are called out of

the pulpit and judges away from the bench to run about among different members of the Cabinet, and much priceless public time is spent over one little second-class clerkship, in getting this cruel wrong righted.

It was righted. But it was *committed*! And the men who righted it are not the officials who committed it. They are private citizens, who were compelled to take time which belonged to themselves or to philanthropic works, and to go or send to the seat of government, and beg, and push, and importune, as they would not have done to serve themselves, in order that what it was a disgrace to their country and a shame to their party to do might be undone. The heart and judgment of the Secretary doubtless co-operated with these gentlemen, but he was still the slave of a vile system, and in that slavery he had done this injustice. And we doubt whether human ingenuity could frame a worse charge against the system and against the Secretary than this case discloses—of a public servant ruthlessly robbed of what was to him both subsistence and reason, yet who was so capable that his immediate superiors said they did not know how they could dispense with his services, and who at the same time presented such a sad and honorable record of a soldier's sufferings and sacrifice.

It is the honest effort to overthrow such a system which our "men inside politics" term "chimerical" and "theoretical" and "visionary," and "aristocratic."

THE CASE OF COLONEL YERGER.

THE facts of Yerger's case, as developed in the trial, disclose not a single mitigating feature. The murder was most brutal in manner, was deliberate and unprovoked. The very enormity of the deed has suggested the only possible defence—that of insanity. If the culprit be insane, his mania is of such a character as to demand his close confinement in the most secure ward of a mad-house. If he is sane, and we have seen no evidence that he is not, hardly the most sentimental opponent of capital punishment will object to his execution. But the case presents a legal and constitutional question second in importance to none which has ever come before the Supreme Court—a question which involves on the one hand the extent and compulsive force of those restraints established by the Bill of Rights as a protection for the civil liberty of the individual, and on the other hand the power of the General Government, and particularly of Congress, to ignore and destroy these time-honored provisions. This question must be met. It will not do to shut our eyes to the consequences because the offender in this particular case is confessedly worthy of punishment.

The circumstances are few, and admit of no denial. Immediately after the murder, Yerger was arrested, and has been detained by military order, and has been tried by a military commission, although there are State tribunals in Mississippi as well as the United States District and Circuit Courts. This was done by virtue of a provision of the Reconstruction statutes which requires the military district commander to punish or cause to be punished all criminals; "and to this end he may allow local civil tribunals to take jurisdiction of and try offenders, or, when in his judgment it may be necessary for the trial of offenders, he shall have power to organize military commissions or tribunals for that purpose." The prisoner has lately applied to Chief-Justice Chase, at Washington, for a writ of habeas corpus; and the motion was elaborately argued, both upon technical points and upon the merits. The Attorney-General, on behalf of the United States, raised a preliminary objection, which was probably considered fatal to that application. This objection was founded upon the peculiar organization and restricted powers of the Supreme Court, and was, in substance, that the Chief-Justice sitting alone has no jurisdiction over matters arising outside of his own circuit. Such a position could never have been taken in reference to a judge of one of the superior courts in England; but because our supreme national tribunal and its members have no inherent common-law powers, but derive all their jurisdiction from statutes, we are decidedly of the opinion that Attorney-General Hoar's point was unanswerable. At all events, the application to the Chief-Justice has been withdrawn, a stay of proceedings has been promised on the part of the President, and the matter will be brought

up anew on the merits before the entire Court at its next session. We may then expect that the question will be presented in the most solemn form, be discussed in the most exhaustive manner, and decided finally and irrevocably. As the subject is of vital importance to us as American citizens, the whole issue being public rather than private, we will briefly examine the merits of the controversy, and indicate what in our opinion the decision should be.

At the outset, it must be carefully observed that the validity of the Reconstruction measures as a whole is not now impugned; the status of the Southern States and the power of Congress over them are not now necessarily involved. The statutes passed by the national legislature, taken together, form a symmetrical scheme for reorganizing the lately insurgent societies and restoring them to their normal position in the nation. Whether this scheme in its unity is in accordance with the theory of the Constitution, whether Congress had any power to interfere, or whether it has exercised that power in a lawful manner, are questions of great political import, but they will never be examined by the courts. Political results have been reached which can never be disturbed by the judiciary. But the particular provision, that offenders of all classes may be tried and punished by military commissions, was not essential to the integrity of the scheme nor to its complete success. This clause might be struck out, might be declared a nullity, and still the process of reconstruction go on to the desired end. But it is this very provision, interfering with the private rather than political rights of the citizen, which furnishes occasions for the interposition of the judiciary, and which has given rise to the present controversy. Should the military be deprived of their judicial authority over civilians, the only result would be that the civil courts, local or national, would be at once restored to their complete functions, as in all the organized States and Territories. We may then limit the discussion to a single issue. Is the provision in the Reconstruction acts permitting the trial of civilian offenders by military tribunals valid? has Congress transgressed the limits of its authority in adopting this measure?

We need not now stop to examine the status of the revolted districts. They may have been left as States with all their rights and duties under the Constitution; or they may have lost all of their original character and been reduced to the condition of Territories; or they may be mere conquered provinces, the acquisitions of a successful war. We will assume, for the purposes of our argument, that they are to all intents Territories, as completely under the legislative authority of Congress as are the District of Columbia or any of the Western Territories which were purchased by peaceful cession or wrested by force from Mexico. This assumption grants all that the most determined supporter of the Congressional policy can ask—concedes enough to satisfy the disciples of Mr. Sumner or the late Mr. Stevens. But what are the powers of Congress over the Territories and the District of Columbia? Are they unlimited? Certainly not. While legislation may be directed to all possible objects, the choice of means and measures by which these objects can be attained is plainly curtailed. Thus, provision may be made for the trial and punishment of all criminals within the Territories and the District of Columbia, but not for their trial and punishment in any possible manner. In respect to these portions of the United States, the Congress possesses all the attributes which belong to it as the legislature of the nation, together with those which belong to the legislatures of the several States. But in all of its acts, whether directed to that portion of the entire domain which is organized into States or to that portion which is left in the inchoate condition of Territories, it is restrained by the provisions of the Bill of Rights: "No person shall be deprived of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law." "No person shall be held to answer for a capital or otherwise infamous crime, unless on a presentment or indictment of a grand jury, except in cases arising in the land or naval forces, or in the militia when in actual service." "In all criminal prosecutions the accused shall enjoy the right to a speedy and public trial by an impartial jury." Such are some of the muniments of civil liberty provided by the Constitution. These clauses are mandatory; they require no statute to make them effective; any statute, or part of statute, which conflicts with their prohibitions is a nullity. This is conceded on all hands to be true when the law operates

within an organized State; it is no less true when the law operates within a Territory, or anywhere within domains belonging to the United States. The latter doctrine was expressly affirmed in the Dred Scott case; and however much we may dislike that celebrated judgment in its application to slavery, it is certainly a binding authority and sound law to the extent we have indicated. The inhabitants of the Territories and of the District of Columbia are citizens of the United States, and as such are entitled to all the immunities which the organic law provides. If it were considered necessary to surround the Congress with a cordon of positive prohibitions in respect to its legislation for the States, where its power is confined within narrow bounds, much more are these prohibitions necessary in respect to its legislation for Territories, where its power is otherwise unlimited. It would be monstrous to assume that the Government may deprive a citizen of life or liberty without due process of law, and without a regular judicial trial, in a Territory where its legislative attributes are supreme, and is only forbidden to do so in New York, where the individual is under the protection of a local judiciary. These seem to us unanswerable conclusions.

Are there, however, any exceptions? Are there any occasions when these clauses of the Bill of Rights may be disregarded and Congress be left unrestrained? It is well known that an affirmative answer has been given—based, as it is claimed, upon the overwhelming necessities of war. Fortunately, the Supreme Court has determined the exact extent to which this claim can be admitted. We refer of course to the case of *Milligan*, the facts of which arose during the agony of the rebellion. *Milligan* was engaged in a widespread conspiracy, intended to aid the rebels and thwart the military designs of the Government. He was a citizen of Indiana, was there arrested, tried by a military commission, and imprisoned by its order. An application for his discharge was brought before the Supreme Court, and all the proceedings against him were declared null and void. A majority of the judges held that the restrictive clauses of the Bill of Rights applied to him, and that military trials of civilians can only be resorted to during an internal war, at the very scene of hostilities, where armies are collected and opposed, and all civil administration is thereby for a while suspended. In such an exceptional case, in order to preserve society and punish the guilty, an appeal to the summary processes of the soldier is inevitable. Mr. Justice Davis, speaking in the name of the Court, said: "If in a foreign invasion or civil war the courts are actually closed, and it is impossible to administer criminal justice according to law, then on the theatre of active military operations, where war really prevails, there is a necessity to furnish a substitute for the civil authority thus overthrown, in order to preserve the safety of society; and as no power is left but the military, it is allowed to govern by martial rule until the laws can have their free course. As necessity creates the rule, so it limits its duration; for if this government is continued after the courts are reinstated, it is a gross usurpation of power. Martial rule is also confined to the locality of actual war." The dissenting judges did not differ from the majority in respect to the controlling principle of this decision; they simply denied that the necessity need be as stringent as was demanded by the opinion of Mr. Justice Davis. They maintained that offenders might, under some circumstances, be justiciable by military tribunals in portions of the country which were not the theatre of actual hostilities, and in which the courts were not closed; but they, no less than the majority, required an internal war in actual existence. The Chief-Justice stated this doctrine as follows:

"We by no means assert that Congress can establish and apply the laws of war where no war has been declared or exists. *Where peace exists, the laws of peace must prevail.* What we do maintain is that, when the nation is involved in war, and some portions of the country are invaded, and all are exposed to invasion, it is within the power of Congress to determine in what States or districts such great or imminent public danger exists as justifies the authorization of military tribunals for the trial of crimes and offences against the discipline or security of the army or against the public safety."

The substance of the *Milligan* case would seem to be, that, when a war is in progress within the United States, when the Government is engaged in this internal struggle and to that end

must maintain and marshal its armies, a civilian who should interfere with purely military movements, who should throw obstacles in the way of the final success of our arms, may be treated as a military offender. The majority of the Court, however, would limit this power territorially to the very regions where the hostilities are actually raging, and in all other regions would leave the criminal to the civil tribunals. These doctrines of constitutional law must be taken as finally established, and, as we have seen, they apply to the Territories, which are entirely under the control of Congress, as well as to the States, which are under that control only for certain well-defined purposes.

We well might ask, then, what possible foundation is left upon which to base the clause in the Reconstruction statutes which permits military trials of civilians? The ground seems to be entirely cut away from under it. Mr. Attorney-General Hoar evidently feels this difficulty, and has been driven to rest his claim, not upon any legal argument, but upon an assumed fact. In a late opinion in reference to a similar case in Texas, and in his recent argument before the Chief-Justice, he is forced to maintain—and he gravely does it—that *war still exists* in the three unreconstructed States. He argues that, as in the year 1865 there was a war within those districts, the Congress may treat that war as still continuing; in short, that it does continue until the legislature declares it ended. It is a sufficient answer to this position that the Supreme Court does not sanction military trials of civilians in any portion of our domain merely because there is a legal condition of war within the country, but only suffers them in those districts occupied by armies and which are the scenes of martial movements and actual struggles. But apart from this consideration, the assumption of the Attorney-General is most plainly opposed to all the facts of our recent history. If there is now a war in Mississippi, there is one also in Virginia. Who are the enemies? where are the hostile armies? under what authority do they act? what military movements are in progress? The local courts are open in these districts; United States judges hold their circuits within them; elections have been held; conventions have sat; constitutions have been proposed; society as such is quiet; the only disturbances and breaches of peace are individual and sporadic. If this be war, we do not understand the meaning of terms. But it is useless to argue. We might as well attempt to demonstrate an axiom. It may well be that there is some ill-will among the Southern people. It may well be that convictions are hard to obtain from Southern juries. These are grave evils, but they always must for a while follow the suppression of a great rebellion. It is better to endure them, and to await with patience the soothing effects of time; it is better that a few wretches like Yergers should escape their merited punishment, than that a weapon should be put into the hands of some future Government which may be effective in destroying the liberties of the nation.

ENGLAND.

LONDON, July 9, 1869.

THE British public is at the present moment licking its lips over a delightful bit of scandal. The fates of governments and parties may ostensibly occupy its mind, but in private society the one absorbing topic of interest is the history of Mr. Grenville Murray. Although your readers will hardly take that interest in the matter which is felt here, and the affair is not as yet at an end, it is sufficiently characteristic to deserve a few words. One summer evening, then, to begin in the correct style, a gentleman might have been observed leaving the door of the Conservative Club. He was a man of feeble stature and somewhat advanced in years. On the steps he was encountered by a fresh-colored, well-built young man, bearing in face and figure the unmistakable marks of belonging to the aristocracy of England. The youthful nobleman straightway collared the elderly gentleman and administered a certain number of blows with a horsewhip; but how many or with what degree of vigor is still gravely disputed. Whence this wrath in celestial minds? The muse must answer that for some months past there has been appearing a well-printed periodical, selling for the high price of sixpence, and called the *Queen's Messenger*. The mode in which its subscribers were really recompensed for their outlay was by a series of articles on the hereditary legislators of England. In these, every scandal concerning various noble families was

raked up with extraordinary diligence and research; and though feigned names were given, and particular care taken to evade the laws of libel, they were not the less insulting and irritating. Lord Stanley, the Duke of Cambridge, and other men of rank and honor, were ferociously assailed. The resentment expressed not only by the persons outraged, but by everybody who has some regard for the honor of the press, was bitter; no such outrage upon decency has taken place for a generation; and people only refrained from putting the libel laws in action because it was supposed that by so doing they would in fact advertise the paper. The last person assailed was Lord Carrington, who, it seems, is in the habit of driving a four-in-hand, and whose father's infirmities were pleasantly called up for the occasion.

And what has Mr. Grenville Murray to do with it? Ah! that is the mystery of this wonderful history, as the poet has said, and I wish that I could tell. However, Mr. Grenville Murray was lately dismissed from the consular service under some imputations from the Foreign Office authorities, of which I know little. And the main object of the *Queen's Messenger* was to attack certain officials in the Foreign Office under cover of the general assault upon the nobility. Mr. Murray endeavored to deny having anything to do with the paper; but it seems that he lives in the same chambers with his son, who is the registered proprietor; his solicitor admitted in court that he had contributed to it; and, in short, every man in London believes, rightly or wrongly, that he is the really responsible person. He summoned Lord Carrington for the assault, and a singular scene ensued. The assault, of course, was easily proved, and, in fact, not denied. However, the magistrate allowed Lord Carrington's counsel to cross-examine Mr. Murray at great length as to his connection with the paper, and to charge him with downright and systematic lying. A certain box was brought into court by the defendants—how procured is still a mystery—containing the MSS. of the *Queen's Messenger*; and various documents from it were placed before Mr. Murray, in order to ask whether he had written them. After the decision of the magistrate, who committed Lord Carrington for trial, this box became the object of intense interest. How it happened is not quite clear, but it seems that some of the writers in the *Queen's Messenger* endeavored to rescue it by physical force; the lords and gentlemen in court rushed to the rescue; the police joined in; and a free fight took place, which lasted for several minutes. Dukes and costermongers, it is said, met in deadly combat, and the majesty of British law was outraged by a spectacle never before witnessed in a court of justice. The box was at length successfully defended, order was restored, and the magistrate administered a dignified rebuke, which would, however, have been rather more dignified if it had quelled the battle instead of following it.

That the story is thoroughly disgraceful may be easily admitted. The question of the mode in which disgrace should be distributed is not quite so plain. There is, however, a very general sympathy with Lord Carrington, and an agreement that, if he had got hold of the real criminal, it would have been desirable to give him rather more chastisement than less. As the whole matter must come up again before long, I shall not dwell upon this point at greater length. Neither, I am glad to say, is the *Queen's Messenger* to be taken as an ordinary specimen of English journalism. It is a rare exception, and a return to an older order of things. There has, it is true, been a singular outbreak of cheap newspapers lately. Several comic illustrated papers seem to possess a certain amount of vitality, and one of them, the *Tomahawk*, first attracted notice by some audacious attacks upon distinguished people. It has, however, survived the follies of its youth, and except that it has occasionally some rather vigorous drawings, is as harmless and humdrum as most of its contemporaries. Another paper which trades to a certain extent upon the public curiosity about notoriety is *Vanity Fair*. The remarkably clever caricatures of eminent statesmen which an Italian artist has contributed to that paper are drawn from the life, instead of photographs, as seems to be the fashion of most of our modern caricaturists; and if any of your readers wish to know the outward appearance of Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Disraeli, Mr. Lowe, or Mr. Forster, they cannot do better than refer to its pages. There is, however, nothing scandalous in it, and I imagine that the originals of its portraits take them as on the whole complimentary. One of the gentlemen I have mentioned went into a shop on seeing his own speaking likeness, and ordered half-a-dozen copies; he was much hurt when the shopman failed to recognize the gentleman who gave him the order. On the whole, I wonder daily at two or three things about the British press: at its cheapness, its general respectability, and its equally general dulness. One very respectable evening paper, called the *Echo*, is now published for a half-

penny; it is calculated that the paper alone on which it is printed costs nearly four-fifths of that sum; and I should think that it was the cheapest halfpenny work in existence, for it is really well written and contains a good deal of matter. The *Pall Mall Gazette*, which has made a great position for itself during an existence of three or four years, has just lowered its price from twopence to a penny, so that the *Times* is now the solitary daily paper which costs more than that sum. Its circulation has, I believe, diminished of late years in consequence of the competition to which it has been exposed; and it has no longer a monopoly of public opinion; but I imagine that on the whole it is still the most influential, though far from the most widely circulated, paper.

I must turn again to the irrepressible Irish Church Bill. The Lords, having given way on the second reading, have been giving themselves a little liberty. They have in fact so maimed and mauled the bill that its own parents scarcely know it. They have largely increased the endowment left to it; in fact, so largely that more than half of the surplus intended to remain after paying off the Church would be absorbed if their scheme were adopted. Further, they have resolved that the distribution of such surplus as is still left shall be left unsettled for the present, in the hope, as some of them avow, that it may be used by way of what is called "concurrent endowment." The House of Commons will of course disagree to these amendments, and I presume that ultimately the Lords will retreat, with probably some compromise to pacify them. The only point worth mentioning is this: the *Times* has lately performed one of its usual circumgyrations, and has come out as the advocate of concurrent endowments; it proposes that the clergy of the Established Church should be left in possession of their houses and glebes; but that, to make things equal, the clergy of other sects should be provided with a similar endowment from the surplus funds. This plan was ably supported by Lord Grey, whose peculiar mission it is to speak awkward truths, or at least to propose plans which are at once plausible and impracticable. Personally, I am strongly inclined to believe that the course proposed would be the wisest in the abstract. There are, however, difficulties which will probably prevent its ever coming into operation. In the first place, the Liberal majority in the Commons have pledged themselves against it; in the next, the Tory majority in the Lords, who were quite willing to secure the houses and glebes of the Established clergy, are entirely opposed to giving anything to the Catholics or Presbyterians. In short, one party is resolved to take away endowments from every sect; the other is equally resolved to give nothing to any sect but one; and the notion of giving endowments to all, reasonable or unreasonable in itself, affords no ground of compromise between both antagonists. It would not be a case of both sides giving and taking; but of both sides agreeing to do something to which they are equally opposed. I therefore look forward to a little more blustering and sputtering, and talks about dissolution and autumn sessions, succeeded by some arrangement which will disestablish the Irish Church, but leave it a little better off than was originally proposed. In short, Lord Stanley's programme will have been carried out, and as much as possible have been saved from the fire.

FRANCE—THE EMPEROR'S HESITANCY.

PARIS, July 9, 1869.

It is impossible to describe the state of animation and agitation in which people are living here now. Nothing is talked of or thought of save the political aspect of affairs; and as to the objects and occupations of society in quieter times, they have passed away from men's minds—and women's, too, for that matter. The look of the Chamber is enough to show you what intense interest the situation excites. Every tribune is crowded; and, from under the laces and flowers of the bonnets, you see eager faces bending down and ardent eyes fixing their bright hold upon this or that deputy's movements. Time out of mind, the genuine Frenchwoman of the educated classes has been a first-rate and eager politician; but all her natural instincts, all her higher aspirations, all her predominant intellectuality have been more or less extinguished by the Empire. As with the clergy (when laboring to supplant the free-minded, enlightened Gallican by the flat-souled, obscurantist Jesuit), so with the women of France has Louis Napoleon endeavored to deal. Instead of trying to raise the feminine standard by the example of his Court and of the "ways of life" of those around him, the Emperor has encouraged its being lowered; and from the Tuileries and Compiègne have sprung the school of overdressed noisy, fast women known by the denomination of "*les Cocodettes*." It is no use mincing the matter: "*la Cocodetterie*," like the restoration of Jesuitism and the almost universal degradation of art, are all direct

consequences of the establishment of the Second Empire, and they are so instinctively felt to be such by the whole Imperial throng that they are persistently, passionately encouraged and fostered.

Well, the change is already visible. The women who crowd into the Chamber of Deputies are not the fashionable dolls who fill official ball-rooms or skate on the "Lac" in winter; they are quite well-dressed, lady-like women, whose faces are unfamiliar to the crowd of mere empty pleasure-hunters. They are the wives, sisters, mothers, friends of the men whom reawakening France is sending to vindicate her rights; and for a stranger they are a positive study, for he finds that (unless he happens to be *lancé* in real French society) he has to ask the name of nearly every successive face. These spectators of the political drama come from all points of the territory, and neglect country amusements, or travelling, or the charms of distant watering-places, to watch what the representatives of public feeling in this curious nation are going to do with themselves. As to the interest, assuredly nothing can surpass it, and it is the most living drama that ever was enacted. Hardly a debate can go by without some word or other recalling the past, and showing how unforgettably the links of the chain which bind to that past. A day or two ago, M. Estancelin, the Orleanist deputy *par excellence*, made the Chamber quiver by one word. M. de Forcade, the Minister of the Interior, somewhat superciliously tried to put down this gentleman in a discussion, by saying that he was "new" in the House, and did not know its usages. "Moi, nouveau!" exclaimed M. Estancelin; "M. le Ministre se trompe; je ne suis pas un nouveau, je suis un revenant." It is impossible to translate the phrase, for it would lose all its sharpness. Its effect lay in the fact of M. Estancelin's having been one of the last electors at the close of Louis Philippe's reign, and of his return to this present parliament seeming almost like the ushering in again of the Orleans dynasty.

What will happen *immediately*?—namely, within the next few months; what will be the *details* of what we may expect?—these are questions which none can answer. The great outlines are clear enough, and can mislead no one; the filling up is a problem, and depends on individuals. The "great outlines" are these: France is resolved to participate in the work of government; resolved, above all, not to let her money be scattered about, as it has been, wilfully, sinfully, and secretly. The Emperor, like all men who have wielded sovereign power in modern times, is ready to submit to the decrees of popular opinion in the last resort; but, like all his brother sovereigns, he suffers himself to be deceived as to the genuineness and intensity of the popular will. *This is, in fact, the one distinctive characteristic of all European rulers since the French Revolution of '93. The English Revolution taught them nothing, nor did even Charles Stuart's fate impress them; but from the moment of the wholesale executions of the "Reign of Terror," they learnt thoroughly one lesson, if no more, that, namely, of obedience to the "people" when the "people" ordained. But here is the hitch. Sovereigns (of no matter what origin) being, after a very few years of activity, more or less shut out from free intercourse with the mass of intelligent, educated individuals, grow to live deafly and blindly in a miserable little world of their own, overcrowded with base spirits and into which no wholesome air ever penetrates. The courtiers, ministers, and functionaries who live by the sovereign maintain him in his dark condition until it is too late, and then the fresh wholesome air from out-of-doors does rush in, but only because the "people" have smashed doors and windows, and brought the wholesome element in with a vengeance. I said it was the same with all sovereigns, of no matter what origin. Now, here is one, Napoleon III., who has gone through all conditions and states: been an exile, a dependent on other men's purses, a needy man, a conspirator against other monarchs' rule—a man whose life has contained nearly every mode whereby political experience could be procured, yet he is probably on the eve of committing the faults that can never be retrieved, and which he knows so well that he has passed the best years of his life in describing and foreseeing them.

"Anything may happen any day;" that is the speech with which men meet each other now on the Boulevards. As far as mere "detail" goes, this is true. It is not true of the upshot of the whole business. The "definitive result" is freedom for France, and a return to parliamentary government, which little by little will grow to be (what it has never been yet) real, *bona-fide* self-government. But the "anything" which may happen "any day" is various. The Emperor may to-morrow dissolve the Chamber or "suspend" the constitution itself, reserving for himself a temporary dictatorship, under which he will propose no end of "socialistic" reforms. This would only be to revert to the formula of 1851, as enounced by M. de Persigny: "With and for the masses always: with the higher classes if they

choose; without them if they don't choose; against them if they object. I repeat it, then, Louis Napoleon might without any great inconsistency revert to this policy (though he would be all but utterly alone if he did so); or he may attempt reaction under more than one shape; or he may yield, and thus govern more or less quietly to the day of his death. What those about him incline to believe he will do, is (what he often has done) "neither one thing nor the other." They incline to fancy that an attempt will be made so to draw on the discussions of the Corps Législatif that, when the simple "verifications" are nearly complete, it will be impracticable to keep the deputies any longer at their post, and that, with but little opposition, it may be feasible to prorogue the house till the ordinary time of assembling in the winter. This would perhaps put off the "evil day" for a few months, and save the concessions which some of those around him are persuading Louis Napoleon are too deeply humiliating. But if this be tried, it will be so at such a heavy and definite cost of popularity and public esteem that the Emperor had probably better resort to any other plan than this one.

There is no disguising, however, that this kind of half-measure is the one most to be feared. It is, and has always been, in Louis Napoleon's nature to try and slide out of a dilemma as silently as possible, and in this instance all his Ministry will help him. But afterwards? How will the government meet in January the deputies it has tried to juggle out of their rights in July? The settling day must come, and the longer it is put off, the bitterer the creditor will have become. All violent exits from his actual position are forbidden to Louis Napoleon. War is, first and foremost of all, out of his power, and he knows it. Not only will no one give him a pretext for a conflict, but France will not follow him into one; therefore, it is in the interior that all must be brought to a conclusion. It is said that the Emperor is unwise enough to lean towards reaction. M. Rouher advocates the *status quo*, which is nearly as bad. It is even yet time for Louis Napoleon to unite with the nation, and, by yielding gracefully half his power, preserve the other half for the rest of his days. Nothing else is practicable, unless as a momentary expedient; but this being the state of things, you may easily understand that the public mind runs on nothing but politics from morning to night.

Correspondence.

ANOTHER AMERICAN VIEW OF CHINA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The relations of Western countries with China are of special interest at this moment, when Great Britain is discussing the revision of her treaty, and, through hers, all the Western treaties with the empire. For what is accomplished for one is accomplished for all.

In the opinion of the American residents in China, Mr. Burlingame has not helped the American people to a more just idea of the position of China than they entertained before. On the contrary, they believe that his exaggerated descriptions have only further obscured the real state of the facts, and that our people and authorities are further away than ever from apprehending the imbecility of the government and the real barbarism that prevails among a large portion of the population. The immediate ill consequence of such misapprehension is the belief engendered that the Chinese Government will, of its own accord, deal justly with foreigners, and carry out the provisions of the treaties, and that any complaints of its action from foreign residents in the country are either unfounded, or that the action complained of is the consequence of the illegal behavior of foreigners themselves.

This evil remedies itself in time; for the power of the central government is so weak that it cannot control its own officers, and these officers are so generally corrupt, and so adverse to foreign interests and influence, that with a very little relaxation of the rigor with which the English and French have hitherto kept them within bounds, they become too aggressive for the patience of even the most amiable of their foreign visitors. But there is deeper injury done in perpetuating the present miserable state of the country, and so bringing upon it future calamities. It is with regard to the ultimate effects of this soft-handed policy that I take the liberty of addressing you. I do not propose to point out the proper policy. That I believe to be indicated sufficiently by the treaties themselves. They show plainly that if foreigners wish to enjoy the privileges of the treaties, they must look out for themselves. These privileges have not all been obtained, owing to the bad faith of the Chinese, but such as have been were had, and are had at this day, only by the resolute action of the

British and French when attempts have been made to annul them. In accomplishing what I have to say, I must be excused for dwelling at some length on the present condition of the government and the character of the ruling class.

It may be said that foreign nations have always, hitherto, alternated between too lenient and too forcible an attitude towards China. It is sometimes assumed that it is a government, weak-jointed and halting, perhaps, in physical health, but full of good intentions and even of lofty aspirations; that its course is guided by maxims of profound wisdom, and its governors and statesmen animated by a sagacity and shrewdness beyond the average of those of Western nations. This is the view that Mr. Burlingame advocates, and it is the view that will, no doubt, now for a time be in the ascendancy. The Chinese, under the temptation that results from the forbearance of foreign nations under this condition of relations, soon bring about a reaction by a display of very opposite qualities. In this reaction extreme opinions still have sway, but in the other direction. The national character is then represented by the Western press as a very low type of character indeed, full of cruelty, injustice, rapine, and corruption. The truth, of course, lies between. There certainly does not exist a high morality. A lofty standard there may be, but of little effect practically. Though moral platitudes appear constantly in their despatches and edicts, and in their conversations with the foreign ministers, very little of the spirit reaches to their acts. Their sagacity is cunning, and their astuteness is distrust. They cannot see their way to a policy; they cannot even discriminate between useful and harmful propositions. Their simple plan is to reject all, as long as the liberty of action is left to them. They know, in fact, many advanced maxims; for in their former days of prosperity they reached a point which would have been civilization one hundred years ago; but as for an enlightened policy, or any liberality of ideas, such a thing is unknown in China. There is the shallow pretence, but without the reality.

On the other hand, as we who live here well know, they are not savages by any means. Education, of a sort that trains the mind and refines the manners, has long ago reached a high point among them. It bears, in these days, fruit in no way proportioned to its pretensions, and barren of the practical benefit to society which results from Western systems; but, at all events, it elevates them far above the uncivilized portions of mankind. In short, they cannot be treated, on the one hand, as if they had knowledge to see the right, and virtue to do it when seen; nor, on the other, as if they must, as a matter of course, be *forced* to give justice and to adhere to engagements. It is more especially in their state affairs that the Chinese need assistance. They are incapacitated from reforming these by their conventionalism, their self-conceit, and by what may be termed the *custom* of dishonesty. They cannot even think honestly on such matters. They refuse to see conclusions which are painful or distasteful, and cling to error when they must know that it is error. Their boasted wisdom is merely the dry husks of maxims which they cannot apply to the current affairs of the day.

There is thus no vigor in the administration, and without vigor there follows corruption in any country. In China, where the tendency is unchecked by moral considerations, and encouraged by customs unsuited to the present day, it reaches the extreme. When, therefore, it is asserted that this is a great and progressive country, governed upon great principles, guided by a generous policy, eager to enter upon the race for improvement among the foremost nations of the world, not only are Western nations misled, but evil is done to China herself. For in so far as the first act upon such assurances, they will act to the ultimate injury of the latter. It is a simple fiction to say it is a prosperous country. It would not have progressed one iota (unless it is progress to travel on the road to decay) but for the force from the West which has propelled it. It is not even a great country except in regard to numbers, and in that only by taking words for facts; for it is not one country, but several feebly bound together—and many portions a source of weakness and expense to the central government instead of a source of strength. The government is guided by purely selfish instincts—the instincts of an alien race that fears the advent of more vigorous ideas as injurious and dangerous to its now feeble powers. As for “a policy” or “generosity” as affecting the destinies of the empire in the interests of the people, one smiles either with contempt at the credulity or admiration at the audacity of such an exponent of their principles.

These views of the progressive tendency of the Chinese rulers of to-day are, of course, asserted in the interests of these rulers, as, if foreign nations could be brought to believe them, they would leave the Chinese to develop

in their own way. There being in truth no will, there would be no way, but still, as regards the rulers alone, they would be relieved from pressure, and so gain their immediate object. Whether they would gain ultimately depends upon the disposition of Russia.

If China stood isolated in the world, the forbearance of all might be an advantage. Shouldered as she is by so powerful and aggressive a neighbor, it may be that the only effective protection for the present dynasty is in intimacy with the other Western powers. If it can be made to appear that the Russians have the will and the power to occupy China, it will be granted that there is at least a strong likelihood of that great event coming to pass. As to the will, there is no proof, of course. One can judge only by analogy. They have extended themselves in Asia whenever they have had the opportunity, and they have recently conquered and annexed the kingdom of Bokhara at great cost, completing the extension of their dominions in that quarter to the borders of British India—a boundary which they must accept as final in that direction. The difficulties in that enterprise were greater, and the advantages not to be mentioned as compared to those to be incurred or gained in the acquisition of China. In the actual direction of this empire, they have taken and occupied with forts within a few years the great tract of country lying between the Amoor and the present Chinese frontier, without any advantage in the region itself to attract them, and apparently only for the object of reaching nearer to China proper. They obtained a valuable port upon the coast, but that they could have had without the costly annexation of so great a territory. They have more young men learning the Chinese language in one way or another than all the other Westerners together, and they push their traders into the country with a pertinacity quite uncalled for by the exigencies of their trade.

Finally, there lies before them a prize unparalleled in the history of the world. A nation of at least two hundred millions of industrious, energetic, and ingenious people, ripe for conquest, and capable, when conquered, of giving inexhaustible supplies of excellent soldiers and sailors; a nation poor, indeed, in resources at present, but capable of a miraculous resurrection under an energetic rule; a country full of natural wealth, with an immense area of fertile soil already under cultivation, with a system of navigable rivers unsurpassed in the world; a coast abounding in fine harbors, and commanding this side of the Pacific; a dominion reaching to the tropics, and including in its wide embrace every climate and almost every valuable production of the earth. Is it not impossible that, with their antecedents, their settled policy for centuries, the Russians should fail in desire for such a prize as this? As for the power, unless succored by other Western nations, the country would lie defenceless before the assault of 50,000 men led by a general skilled in modern war. Such succor, if it came at all, would probably come too late. By occupying the western and north-western provinces under one pretext or another, and with the declaration that it was provisional and temporary, they could fairly reach the coast and have possession of the main strategical points, with two or three hundred thousand Chinese soldiers under arms and in effective condition, before any of the European powers would have concluded to intervene. Their conclusions then would be uninteresting.

In view of this greatest of hazards, it would seem to be the natural policy of the government to cultivate as close relations with other Western people as possible; to introduce them into the country; to accept their inventions and improvements; to obtain foreign arms and equipments; to train an army to the European standard of efficiency and under European officers. These are the steps which should be pressed on the Chinese authorities by their well-wishers, and sedulously followed up if they wish them to maintain even their present position. It may be, however, that, in the great interests of humanity, foreign representatives may *not* have the prosperity of the present dynasty and government really at heart. Of this I do not pretend to judge. They may feel that nothing will elevate the Chinese people, and place the country fairly in the path of progress and reform, but the government of a Western power. It does, indeed, seem impossible that any real good can come from the selfish and apathetic race of rulers that now misgovern the country; and in the interests of the millions who suffer from their incapacity or perversity, foreign powers are, perhaps, bound to withhold advice or suggestion that may delay the hour of deliverance.

If such is the case, no course seems so wise as to leave them as much as possible to such seclusion as they can keep and to their present narrow policy. With no Western influence but Russian in the interior, and no advisers but their own antiquated maxims, they will drop the easier prey into the lap of their vigorous neighbor—friend or enemy, as he chooses to take

the part and as circumstances recommend. Whether Russia will do evil or good to the world at large when she has an army of two millions of men on the Pacific, and a revenue to match, is a further point for consideration, but much beyond my province to discuss.

I only express the conviction that such a course of things is not only possible, but likely, if the Chinese inclination to resist progress and to hold Western nations at arm's length is allowed to control events.

A CHINA RESIDENT.

[The above is a fair presentation, by an American merchant, of the view taken of the Chinese by a considerable portion of the foreign residents in China. The obvious answer to it, it seems to us, is that the "hammer and tongs" policy has been tried and has failed, while the Burlingame policy has not been tried, and it has in its favor what the other has not, the experience of the civilized world touching the power of justice, humanity, and kind treatment on all classes and races of men.—ED. NATION.]

VARRO, ST. AUGUSTINE, AND MR. LECKY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

In a work so full of references and citations as Mr. Lecky's "History of Morals," an occasional slip must not surprise us. Such a one, I think, occurs Vol. I., p. 176: "Varro openly professed the belief that there are certain religious truths which it is expedient that the people should regard as false." The reference is "St. Aug., De Civ. Dei, iv. 31." St. Augustine's words are these: ". . . nisi evidenter alio loco ipse diceret de religionibus loquens, multa esse vera que non modo vulgo scire non utile, sed etiam tametsi falsa sunt, aliter existimare populum expediat," etc., etc. Can you get out of these words any such sense as Mr. L. assigns to them? Do they not rather mean that (according to St. Augustine) Varro held not only that some religious truths ought not to be known to the people, but even although certain beliefs were false, that it was expedient for the people to think differently of them (aliter existimare), i.e., believe them to be true? I do not see how *tametsi* can signify anything but "although." With Mr. Lecky's version, we should expect some such word as *veluti* or *quasi* and (even in the Saint's corrupt Latin) a subjunctive mood.

As I understand Varro's sentiment, it is a very common one, of which that author gives numerous instances, and which is not quite obsolete yet. But the opinion attributed to him by Mr. Lecky is most peculiar. I am not aware that any philosopher or theologian ever "openly professed" that it was "expedient for the people to regard certain religious truths as false," or, in other words, disbelieve them.

I take this opportunity of stating that there are several misprints in the American edition; whether they exist in the original English edition I cannot say, not having a copy at hand. P. 192, the misplacing of a reference number has the odd effect of making Sallust quote Pliny. P. 195 (note), *Perseus* for *Persius*. P. 218, quotation in note, *animas* for *annos*. As these three occur within thirty pages, there are probably others.

C. A. BRISTED.

Notes.

LITERARY.

MESSRS. T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS have in press reprints of Mr. T. A. Trollope's "Dream Numbers" and "Giulio Malatesta," Mrs. Henry Wood's "Roland Yorke," and Dumas' "Love and Liberty," a narrative of the French Revolution. The same house will shortly publish Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth's "Prince of Darkness."—Mr. John H. Dingman—with Messrs. Scribner, Welford & Co.—announces his "Complete Business Directory of the Trade" for 1869-70, to contain, in one large octavo, full lists of all the publishers, booksellers, stationers, news-dealers, and music dealers in the United States and Canada.

—The Harvard University lectures are going to be of more importance than the outside world had been supposing. Their delivery might almost revive for us a mediæval feature of the student-world, and call to the college, from many States, a concourse of youths intent on hearing the most capable scholars give, *viva voce*, instruction not otherwise to be had. But, probably sooner or later, and before very long, we shall have in books the substance of the lectures, and need not make pilgrimage. Though, on the other side of this question, it is to be said that the lectures which Mr. Lowell has for a number of years been giving at Harvard, and which doubtless

contain the best body of literary criticism that has been written in America, are out of the reach of the general public as yet. The *Cornell Era*, a college paper, published some brief notes when Mr. Lowell and Mr. Curtis were recently lecturing in Ithaca, which may properly make us hope that the lectures themselves are not to remain unpublished long. No present need of the American literary world is quite so great as the need of sound and stimulating criticism, because till we have it we want even the atmosphere which men of letters are to breathe while they work. "Early Italian and Spanish Literature" is to be Mr. Lowell's theme in the coming course; and his heart as well as his head will be thoroughly engaged in what must be to him a delightful task, leading his young men through the gayest and freshest of all the painted meadows of song. "Later Italian Literature" Mr. Howells will treat of; and how well he will treat of them those may see who will read his *North American Review* articles on modern Italian poets, and those may guess who know his books of Italian travel. Professor Böcher, of whom we know next to nothing, has chosen to treat of "Molière"—a topic requiring a man of some size; and the same thing may be said of "Goethe and Schiller," which Professor E. J. Cutler will handle. Professor Cutler is known as the author of some graceful and well-finished verses and as a man of much cultivation. Some of his literary criticism may be seen occasionally in the Boston *Advertiser*, which in this as in other respects is a long way ahead of any other Boston journal—the Boston papers being, as a rule, singularly inferior in ability to what might be expected, considering the literary reputation of the city. It is almost even as the irreverent London *Bookseller* said the other day: "The newspapers of the Hub are nowhere." But then the *Bookseller* "does not understand our institutions" with much obstinacy; and it praises the London *Times* for keeping its American correspondent in Philadelphia. Professor Child will lecture on "English Poetry of the Thirteenth and Fourteenth Centuries," and, to say nothing of his acumen, will bring to its consideration a union of the most thorough knowledge of his subject with a refined taste in poetry—a poet's taste in poetry—which makes him, as we suppose, the most competent man on either side of the water to deal critically with his favorite literature. Another scholar whom it is a pleasure to think of as lecturing on his favorite pursuit—because the lectures will be one more example in a slipshod world of a thoroughly good thing well done by the man who best knows how to do it—is Professor Whitney, who takes up "The History and Relations of the German Language." The Philosophical Course—which will go on at the same time with the Literary, and like that will extend through the academic year—is to be opened by Professor Bowen, a gentleman for a long time Professor of Metaphysics in the college, the writer of a work on Political Economy, of another on Ethics, of a condensation of Sir William Hamilton's Lectures, of a translation of De Tocqueville's "Democracy in America," and the author of other books that have been used inside the college as text-books, but without making much noise outside of it. Professor Hedge and Mr. J. Eliot Cabot follow Mr. Bowen—the one a Unitarian divine very well known, by name at least, to the Eastern public—the other a Boston student of German Philosophy, not so well known except to the select few. Mr. John Fiske, the youngest lecturer, we suppose we may call a somewhat modified Herbert Spencerian, and, we dare say, he is as likely to wake up the undergraduate mind as any of the gentlemen we have mentioned—feebleness of conception and vagueness of language, and a lack of "the courage of his convictions," not being among Mr. Fiske's faults. Last in the course will come Mr. Emerson, who seems to be intending something more systematic than one might have expected, his list of topics reading like chapter-headings in the books of "Intellectual Philosophy for the use of Schools." "The Moral Sense," "Memory," "Imagination," are some of them; but it will not be in old Dr. Wayland's manner that they will be treated by Mr. Emerson. We almost feel inclined to hope that the Faculty will compel the undergraduates to attend both these courses of lectures, which, on the whole, give promise of being admirable. If there is to be any compulsion at all at Cambridge, it may be doubted if it could be better applied than in bringing the influence of such men and such subjects to bear upon the mind of the students. We should add that persons not undergraduates must pay three hundred dollars for both courses, one hundred and fifty dollars for either one, and one hundred dollars for one term of either one—prices which, we should think, would be found high; we were going to say prohibitory. Women are not to be excluded.

—The Arundel Society has an agency here, and ought to be better known by Americans than it is. Its great success in Europe—four or five thousand subscribers await, each fall or each spring, the appearance of its publications—and the real excellence of its works, especially of late years,

ought to be responded to from this side the water more heartily than they have been. Perhaps there may be fifty subscribers in America, but we do not believe there are more. The Society was founded in 1848, having among its founders the Marquis of Lansdowne, Lord Lindsay (author of "The History of Christian Art"), Samuel Rogers, Mr. Ruskin, and Mr. Layard, "the Member from Nineveh," as *Punch* calls him, who, known to the world chiefly as explorer of the mounds where Babylon and Nineveh lie buried, has worked well and to the purpose at the elucidation of Italian early painting. The frescoes of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries in Italy have always been the chief study of the Society. A "copying fund" exists, out of which the best procurable copies in water-color of frescoes, especially those most in danger of decay, destruction, or ruinous repairs, are paid for. These copies form a gallery at the Society's rooms in London, and from among them are selected the subjects of the chromos which the Society publishes—chromos which recent improvements have enabled the council to make very fine. One of those published for the "Second Subscribers" for 1868 is as fine a chromo as even Kellerhoven has produced—as fine, indeed, as it seems possible to produce. The illustrated history and description of the works of the Society, recently published by the secretary, Mr. P. W. Maynard, is an important aid to the study of art; for, though the illustrations are only reproductions in little of the Arundel publications, they, at least, can be had, while the originals are not easy to get and are very expensive; moreover, the text, containing historical notices of painters whose works have been copied by the Society, includes much good matter. The photographs are excellent, even when judged by a very high standard of excellence in such things. They represent all the publications of the Society, and are all taken on the same scale; that is, each photograph is of one-fifth the diameter of its original—not "one-fifth the original size," as the title-page has it, but one-twenty-fifth the size, or one-fifth in each dimension. Those, for instance, taken from chromo-lithographs are, of course, much less pleasing than those from bas-reliefs in plaster and ivory. But there is no reason to take exception to any; every one well represents the subject and idea of the original work. The photographs of carved ivories are very fine. The set of about one hundred and fifty pieces admirably represents the successive schools of sculpture in ivory from the times of the Empire to the XVIth century. The originals being scattered over Europe in a score of museums, treasuries, and private collections, and the casts carefully made in ceramic "fictile ivory," and supposed to reproduce with strict fidelity the precious originals, being themselves very costly and seldom seen, these little photographs are simply invaluable to all students of art.

Nearly every dramatic author in France who ever had one of his pieces acted on any stage, belongs to a society which has for its object to prevent the extortions of managers. To this end, one of the statutes of the society ordains that no one of the associates shall on any account surrender any part of his legitimate profits to a manager who has accepted a play of his. In France, the custom is not to buy a play out-and-out, but to give the playwright, for a piece in one act, from two to three per cent. of the gross receipts of each performance; for a piece in two acts, from four to six per cent.; and for a piece in three or more acts, from eight per cent. to twelve. Of course, it happens that in order to get their plays accepted writers make private arrangements with the managers, and take less pay than the society permits, although on admission to the society each member gives his word of honor that he will enter into no such transactions. What happens to the offending author in case he is found out, beyond his being sent to Coventry, we do not know; but a manager who has offended has hard measure meted out to him; he must either pay a heavy fine, or he is put under an interdict; and being under an interdict means a good deal—little less than retiring from the theatrical business. No author belonging to the society may supply an interdicted manager with a drama, and unless he can find some new man with talent enough to keep his theatre filled, or finds some good play by an obscure man, he must shut up, and, for the reason above given, shutting up is what happens. Just now there is war between the society and M. Moreau Sainti, of the Folies Dramatiques, that gentleman having been clearly proved to have been giving an author three per cent. instead of the nine per cent. which was his due; and, as he declines to pay a fine of twenty thousand francs, he is interdicted, and will probably soon come to reason. Certainly this application of the principle of co-operation is an odd one; but it seems as if it might be a very good one, though there is, perhaps, not another country in the world where it could be put in operation. It is more promising than the only instance of co-operation in literary business matters which we know of as having been

afforded by the United States—Mr. Greeley's, Mr. Thomas Clarke's, Mr. Peter Gerard's, and Mrs. M. K. Dallas's Authors' Protective Association, which is going to publish books for authors who cannot make satisfactory arrangements with publishers. The capital stock of \$100,000, in ten-dollar shares, will hardly be remunerative capital, it is to be feared; even although only one vote goes with a holding, whether of one share or fifty. Mr. Greeley's connection with this association is hardly more than nominal, we believe; at all events, he disclaims all responsibility for the management.

—Among the stirring characters who have given to the fifteenth century its romantic interest, there is perhaps none whose fortunes are more full of this interest than George von Podiebrad, the Hussite King of Bohemia. The events, too, of which he was at one time the centre are without a rival, even in that eventful century, in the power of exciting the imagination. The triumphant Ottomans, fresh from the conquest of Constantinople, were preparing to hurl themselves upon Central Europe, while the Christians were inert, discordant, and seemed ready to fall an easy prey. At this time Hungary, Bohemia, and Poland were leading powers, and to them is due the successful resistance made. The renowned Hunyady was the Charles Martel who stemmed this new invasion of Islam. It was fortunate for Christianity and for European civilization that each of these thrones was at this juncture occupied by an able and resolute sovereign. The last number of Sybel's *Historische Zeitschrift* contains an interesting article upon Podiebrad's project of a confederation of Christian sovereigns for the expulsion of the Turks from Europe. George Podiebrad was not a purely disinterested patriot, like John Hunyady of Hungary. He reminds us strongly, in his restless ambition and widely grasping schemes, as well as in their essentially selfish aim, of his more famous contemporary, Charles the Bold. His emissaries were busy throughout Europe; first, in an attempt to engage Pope Pius II. (Æneas Sylvius) in a scheme to set aside the contemptible Emperor, Frederic III., and get for himself the regency over the empire together with the conduct of the war against the Turks; and, when this failed, his ambition took a wider range—he projected a confederation, of which Louis XI. should be the nominal head, but himself the active member, which should embrace most of the states of Europe, and dictate to the rest. Nothing more natural, of course, than that, when the Turks were expelled, the grand prize of Constantinople should fall to the originator and leader of the league. Louis XI. and Venice gave in their adherence to this plan, and for a while, in 1642, it seemed likely to succeed; but it was brought to nought by the counter-machinations of Pius II., and perhaps still more by the selfishness of Podiebrad himself. For, as his project was to gain for himself the place of the Turks, and rule from Constantinople, he did not venture to take his son-in-law, King Matthias Corvinus of Hungary, into his confidence, nor even to mention his plans to him, until after sounding France and Venice. Matthias—the real defender of Christendom—naturally feeling sore and aggrieved at this treatment, was ready to ally himself with the rival league, headed by the Pope. Hence the embroilment between the two citizen-kings, inflamed still more by the heresy of King George, which weakened both nations, and distracted the forces of Christendom from the contest against the common enemy.

RENAN'S "ST. PAUL."*

THE third volume of M. Renan's "Histoire des Origines du Christianisme" embraces the period of the first great missions to the Gentiles, of which St. Paul is the hero. It opens with the departure of Paul and Barnabas from Antioch in the year 45, and closes with the arrival of the apostle as captive at Rome, in 61. This period of sixteen years the author justly considers the historically best known in "the embryonic age of Christianity." Before them lie the shadowy "images of a remote paradise, lost in a haze of mystery," which he has reproduced in the pages of the "Vie de Jésus" and "Les Apôtres;" after them follows a long night of profound darkness, through which only "the bloody shine of Nero's savage feasts," "the thunderbolt of the Apocalypse," and the torch which destroyed the temple of Jerusalem, dart their lurid light. These few visible traits, together with the dimly transparent features of the last years of the apostles, are to form the main subjects of the fourth part of the "Origines," which the author hopes to complete in a fifth volume, closing with "the definitive establishment of dogmatic orthodoxy."

As a work of literary art—whether we consider the composition of the whole, the elaboration of parts, or the coloring—"St. Paul" could but

* "Saint Paul. Par Ernest Renan, Membre de l'Institut. Avec une Carte des Voyages de Saint Paul, par M. Klepert, de l'Académie de Berlin." Paris: Michel Lévy Frères; New York: F. W. Christern. 1860.

with difficulty obtain the distinction of surpassing its two predecessors, for the sole reason that, as works of art, these could hardly be surpassed; and yet we have no hesitation in saying even that distinction must be awarded it. We forbear, however, specifying the grounds on which we base our judgment. The consummate mastership in planning, arranging, and delineating, these charms of diction, can be felt, but can hardly be described, except, indeed, by expressing the impression they produce on the reader. And yet it is chiefly as a product of historical criticism that we must declare the "St. Paul" decidedly superior to both the "Jésus" and the "Apôtres." And here we can specify our reasons. First, M. Renan has, during the elaboration of these volumes, considerably augmented the vast stock of knowledge with which he entered upon this field; secondly, he has in the same proportion chastened his critical fancy; thirdly, he has left behind him that part of his ground in which the adoring believer may find rich materials for the adornment of his temples, and the iconoclastic critic equally abundant fragments to exercise his irreverent art upon, but which offers no material out of which historical monuments—both true and unhallowed by faith—could be shaped by a process, however ingenious, of reconstructive art.

As idyls—accompanied by erudite notes and critical introductions, as fanciful pictures of a "pastorale délicieuse"—as M. Renan designates the life of the earliest followers of the Son of Man—the "Jésus" and the "Apôtres" are really charming productions. It matters nothing that the idyl sometimes almost loses its character, and is, almost imperceptibly, changed into an epic. Idyllic and epic elements are not incompatible in poetry; the picture of the origins of an Utopia must be both epic and idyllic. But Utopias are, unfortunately, only creations of poets or visions of prophets. The Golden Age, the commonwealth of Plato, the "last days" of Isaiah—none of these belongs to the domain of history. And no "grande épopée" of human history, from Moses to Napoleon, has been idyllic; least of all the French Revolution, with which M. Renan so much likes to compare the revolution he depicts. And yet it is for history—critical history—that he endeavors to palm upon us those delicious pastorals. As history, they are far from being delicious—in fact they are not quite the contrary. The ingenious processes by which our author transforms rugged, rude, and ignorant Galilee—the Galilee of the procurators, the *sicarii*, and exorcists—into an earthly paradise, full of love and joy and sunshine, numberless miracles into natural facts, and all kinds of psychological or historical incongruities into apparently logical developments—those processes are equalled in uncriticalness only by the method he applies in examining ecclesiastico-traditional testimony, and which makes him so often enter as historical a small part of an evidence the bulk of which he rejects as forged, falsified, based on superstition, or altogether incredible. M. Renan, without any qualification, rejects as incredible everything supernatural; but the shadows that accompany the delineations of supernatural things he saves, and—quite as artfully as artistically—works them into new images. His new images are often excellent imitations of the sacred ones he tears; but while orthodoxy must spurn them as devoid of all sacred substance, mere unimpassioned criticism, too, can see in them little more than shadows. The age of Jesus is a fit subject for the pen of sceptical historians; his life can be written only by a believer, for all we have about him comes from unconditional believers.

It is different with the life—or, rather, the career—of Paul. The main and most historical part of it—that which has exercised so vast an influence upon the development of Christendom and the world—can probably well be traced. The earlier part—that embracing his Jewish life, his miraculous conversion on the road to Damascus, and his Christian activity in Syria—furnishes, in M. Renan's elaboration, some of the epic tableaux of the "Apôtres"—with the change, of course, of the grand miracle into a natural, though a very strange, occurrence. The mystery-covered close of the apostle's career is wisely left to take its place among the dim appearances of Christian life in the following period. The volume before us sketches after tolerably authentic documents—M. Renan rejects only the Epistles to Timothy and Titus as entirely spurious—the period of Paul's missionary wanderings through Cyprus, Pamphylia, Pisidia, Lycaonia, Cilicia, Phrygia, Mysia, Thrace, Macedon, Greece, Ionia, Lydia, and Syria—countries through which, with few exceptions, the biographer expressly followed the footsteps of his hero before writing this book; the period which witnessed the foundation, among others, of the primitive Christian communities of Philippi and Thessalonica, of Athens and Corinth, of Ephesus, Colossæ, and Laodicea—cities to the description of some of which charming pages are devoted; the period which gradually developed and matured that anti-Mosaic and anti-Judaic form of Christianity, of which, according to

M. Renan, Paul, and not Jesus, was the father, basing it on grace and justification by faith, preaching it to the Gentiles, and passionately defending it against the authority and hostility of the original apostles—the strict but "narrow-minded" followers of both Jesus and Moses. In this period there are but few miracles to be rejected, transformed, or ignored; there is no divine image to be painted over into that of an angelic man; the scene is no Arcadian Galilee; there is no Mary of Magdala; the hero is a very unamiable rabbi.

The reader of the "Apôtres" will remember the portrait there given of the short, somewhat crook-backed, broad-shouldered, small-headed, thick-bearded, and bald Jew of Tarsus, who, as Saul, gloated over the agonies, promoted by himself, of the first Christian martyrs, but, as Paul, was destined to become the disseminator, the great light, of Christianity—the teacher, in distant ages, of Wyckliffe, Huss, Luther, and Calvin. His character, as developed chiefly in the book before us, is far from being the exact counterpart of that unattractive exterior. Paul has changed his religion, but he has not given up his fanaticism. He does not persecute, for the powers that be are against him; but he is passionate, impetuous, vehement, rude, and not incapable of violence. He preaches love and charity, and preaches them in words that alone "can be compared to the discourses of Jesus;" but he seems himself to be inaccessible to all tender emotions. He boasts, and justly so, of grand sacrifices and endless sufferings for the cause to which he has devoted his life; but he is egotistic, jealous, obstinate, contentious. He combats the exclusiveness of Judaism, but without giving up its prejudices. He believes salvation possible only under his own formulas, inveighs against the yoke of the law, and yet often makes concessions, breaks his own rules, and compromises with superstition and untruth. He exorcises, heals, and does apparent miracles. Nor are his convictions and beliefs such as could appear particularly attractive under the pen of a Renan. His theories of sin, indulgence, faith, justification, grace, and redemption; his ideas of marriage, celibacy, and temptation; his belief in miracles, demons, angels, the bodily resurrection of Christ, and the approaching end of the world—all these are little to the taste of unbelieving philosophy, and M. Renan hides neither his tastes nor his philosophy.

And yet, thanks to the wonderful skill with which he handles his pen—as if it were a magic balancing wand, capable of carrying one safely over the double abyss of decided belief and decided unbelief—and thanks, also, to some indisputably grand mental qualities of his hero, he succeeds in representing him to his readers in a rather brilliant light. He almost passionately sides with him—who "never saw Jesus, nor heard his word," "scarcely knew his parables;" who preached revelations of a Christ who "was his own phantom," and "heard himself while believing he heard Jesus"—in his great contest with Peter, James, and other true Apostles, the pillars of the Church of Jerusalem. He even goes to the length of suspecting the bigotry of that Judaizing circle of complicity in the surrender of Paul to the Roman authorities. Altogether, the Apostles of Jerusalem cut a rather pitiable figure in the new volume of the "Origines," and, contrasted with them, Paul easily appears not only the liberator of Christianity, but its very genius.

Looking at the situation from M. Renan's critical standpoint, we must say, however, that he does the Apostles of Jerusalem injustice, and unduly extols their antagonist. We cannot perceive what should have induced them, who lived in the still undestroyed state of Judea, under the law, which was both religious and civil, and which they had seen Jesus observe to his death—what should have induced them to desert the divine institutions of their country and people, that had been binding from times immemorial, for the sake of a new-fangled reform, the fruits of which the world could not enjoy, as it was incontinently to come to a terrific end. Nor can we see what rational ground might have led Paul to use much violence—or, on the other hand, to make so many concessions—in carrying through that reform, while fervently admonishing his converts to live a provisional life, without attempting any change of condition—be it even through marriage—for the time was short, and the world as it was, was passing away. The truth is, the great fault of M. Renan in judging men and ideas of that time is his involuntary viewing them from the standpoint of a philosophical observer who has eighteen centuries of Christianity behind him. Looking upon a Christainized world, he eulogizes him who sacrificed everything to the universalization of the liberating faith, and casts stones at those who, from narrow-minded piety, laid obstacles in his way—forgetting that, according to his own statement, the number of all the Gentiles converted by Paul probably amounted to little more than a thousand, and that these converts mostly belonged to the lowest and most

powerless stratum of society. And there is nothing in M. Renan's narrative which would explain how—without prophetic gifts, in which he does not believe—either "the twelve" or the great missionary could have dreamed of what the philosopher knows; and that, too, while they were momentarily waiting for the end of the world.

Want of space prevents us from calling attention to the numberless beautiful descriptions and generalizations interwoven with the narrative, as well as from exposing the glittering shallowness of others. M. Renan's knowledge is more extensive and exact than profound. He draws his materials from stores both vast and varied; but certainly he is not always conscientious in selecting and sifting them. The ease with which he creates almost perfect forms induces him to be lavish in multiplying striking traits. He likes to dwell on the beautiful, and is almost entirely devoid of humor; but there is something like hidden irony in some of his delineations—though his religious scepticism is most remote from that of Voltaire or Gibbon. We might call him a Rousseau writing sacred history.

MAGAZINES FOR AUGUST.

EVERYBODY who went to the Jubilee—and we believe everybody went—will read Mr. Howells's description of that festival of harmony; but such is the nature of man that we suppose more people will be pleased with Mr. Parton's "Strikers' of the Washington Lobby"—a piece of writing which is almost enough to make one lose faith that the nature of man is ever going to be any better than it is. It is not the "strikers" that we are thinking of when we say so, but of Mr. Parton's performance, which is a curiosity of literature—as one says "literature," speaking roughly. There was a report current a while since that Mr. Parton was spending his vacation with General Butler—a report which attracted some attention from such observers as, having to keep an eye on everything, remembered that since his Decoration Day Speech, and "the one word, Reparation!" with which the Gloucester boy thrilled us, the General had been remarkably quiet for him, and seemed not to be minding even the Massachusetts senatorship; nor attending to the political murder of Governor Claflin; nor assisting to complete the political resurrection of Doctor Loring; nor laboring for the benefit of Senator Wilson; nor, in fact, doing anything for anybody's harm and his own good. Such observers at once began to wait for Mr. Parton; and here he turns up in the August *Atlantic* with a puff of Butler which, as we say, is a curiosity of literature as Mr. Parton understands it, and one of the most disgraceful things that anybody has read for many a day. Our ready writer begins with a little picture of a certain New England general—whose name we are going to leave unmentioned for the sake of setting an example to Mr. Parton, who is a little clumsy in his workmanship this time—a certain New England general, who was going down to Ship Island to take New Orleans, and who, in the face of popular murmuring, waited and waited in Boston harbor and thereabouts; and who braved newspaper obloquy, and did not deign to explain why he waited; and who, in short, obeyed orders and kept a persistent, and indeed heroic, silence at his own expense, because his Government had told him not to say anything, but to stay in Boston till he was told to go. This fable teaches that appearances are deceitful. And also we may learn from it that, although all the newspapers and everybody that knows him, and everybody that ever did know him, declares that a certain man is an unscrupulous fellow, and has never been anything else, it is nevertheless possible that secretly he may be a man to be admired, and one whom a good person may praise without disgracing himself. Appearances, then, being deceitful, the members of the two Houses of Congress are almost without exception honest men, who never belonged to whiskey rings, who have never sold the knowledge they acquired in committees, who have never offered to join in land speculation with Mr. Case or any other person, whom no railroad owns, and who own no section of land near any railroad—who, in fact, although exposed to very great temptation, and although selected by the average caucus, and although engineering as they do a more gigantic corrupting machine than is under the control of any other set of politicians in the world, nevertheless are as good as any of us who elect them. Don't "they represent us?" Mr. Parton wishes to know. So they might represent us—some of us—and still sell themselves. The fact is not to be lost sight of, however, let us remind Mr. Parton, that, although they go out from us, they go into a place where temptation is great—and that is a thing that we are to pray to be delivered from.

The "strikers" it is, Mr. Parton says, and not the Congressmen, who are the bad people. The strikers pretend they can sell Congressional votes; but in reality they can't; or only very, very rarely. This is the gist of the arti-

cle—so far as it is a *bona-fide* article by Mr. Parton; and the only comment it calls for is, that of course it is excessively hard to prove that members of a legislative assembly are corrupt. Party feeling shields them; the secrecy of such transactions is a safeguard; the shame is great, to the briber as well as the bribed, and the punishment is great also; the proof, even if the briber has been cheated and made angry, is almost never or absolutely never producible. Definitely to prove the existence of the Augean stable nowadays is as great a labor as once it was to clean it. But the existence of the lobby presupposes corruption; and we for our part as much believe that there is a good deal of corruption in Washington as we believe that Mr. Ashley wrote his letters to Mr. Case, or that our own Mattoon here in New York has paid visits to certain railway directors.

We have just said by implication that a part of this "Strikers' of the Washington Lobby" is not of the nature of a *bona-fide* article by Mr. Parton, and so it is not. Our readers have not forgotten the famous report in which the member from the Fifth Massachusetts District, after having hunted high and low for evidence against the seven Republican Senators who voted against the conviction of Johnson, had the power of face to say soberly—and it must have amused him as much as it insulted the House to say it—that the seven men whom he had accused were to be considered guilty *because* he had not been able to find the smallest shred of testimony against them. Well, the last two or three pages of Mr. Parton's essay have the ear-mark of the honorable gentleman who gave to our common country the distinction of producing the greatest and most impudent *non sequitur* of this or any other age. Here is a passage to which we wish we could call the attention of all decent people:

"The greatest triumph of the Washington lobby was the acquittal of Andrew Johnson. *It was wholly the lobby's doings.* His conviction was sure until the lobby went to work in earnest, and snatched him only branded from the burning. A person the least credulous of evil can hardly resist the impression that three of four Republican votes were bought and paid for, cash down, only a few hours before the votes were given. Some of the best-informed men in Washington—even the best-informed—[this must refer to the barrel of telegrams]—are convinced of it. They think they know who received twenty-five thousand dollars for a vote, who fifty thousand, who Indian contracts, and who railroad influences more valuable than both those sums united. They think they know at what house, at what time of night, and by what member of the lobby, the money was lost at cards to a Senator who voted next day for acquittal. All of which may be true. Much of the *valuable testimony gathered by the select committee of the managers* seems to confirm these conjectures. We know that the Johnson lobby, utterly devoid of principle and decency, had the money in their hands with which to buy the criminal off. We know that money was raised in custom-houses, and subscribed by distillers, and that a million of dollars could have been procured from those two sources alone, if it had been necessary. We know that the corruptibility of Senators was a topic of conversation at the President's table, and that one of his confidants correctly predicted, five weeks before the test vote was taken which seven Republican Senators would vote for acquittal. We know that two of those Senators, to within a day or two of the voting, continued to declare their intention to vote for conviction, and then suddenly changed their intention without any visible cause. We know that the lobby was in the fullest activity about Washington, rushing to and fro between New York and the capital, and telegraphing in cipher. I know that the strikers of the lobby were not idle, but rose to the occasion, and offered to sell to the managers votes enough to convict for a hundred and ten thousand dollars—but the managers were up to the game. We know that the heads of the Johnson lobby were as sure of an acquittal before the vote was taken as they were after; and that they acted upon their knowledge in the Gold-room and elsewhere.

"Now the simplest explanation of all this is, that the three or four votes *supposed* to have been given against the convictions of the Senators who gave them, were bought with money; and yet the probability is, that they were not."

A thousand things might be said of this tissue of misstatements, but, for one, observe that the one enormous lobby of all—the lobby that was telegraphing into Washington as well as out of it, and telegraphing threats as well as premises—the lobby that wanted the plunder of the country under the government of Senator Wade, and would have had it—the lobby of which our Massachusetts friend would, in all probability, have been the chief member—Mr. Parton leaves wholly unmentioned. Worse than that, he goes out of his way, for the sake of gratifying somebody's implacability—not his own, we believe; for he is not a bitter political partisan, we think—against the men who, as it happened, saved the country from Mr. Wade first and from Mr. Seymour afterwards by inflicting a great defeat on Mr. Seymour's old friend and Mr. Wade's new one; who elevated the reputation for honesty and courage of the Senate of the United States; and who are, all things considered, the very ablest and the most worthy to be respected of all the political leaders of the Republican party—which to-day is not a defeated remnant because Mr. Trumbull, Mr. Fessenden, Mr. Grimes, honest old Mr. Van Winkle, and their associates

courageously voted, on their honor and conscience, that for want of law to convict him Johnson must be allowed to escape.

For the rest, the *Atlantic* is a good number. Mr. Dickens pleasantly praises his friend, Mr. Fechter, who will have hard work to come up to the expectations of anybody who takes Mr. Dickens's language as coolly true. Mrs. Celia Thaxter at "The Isles of Shoals" is very agreeable and poetical; "Before the Gate" is a very charming little poem which honors the *Atlantic*, thus reversing the relations that subsist between the *Atlantic* and most of its poems; of Mr. Howells's "Jubilee Days" it is saying little to say that it is the best writing the Jubilee produced; for we have little doubt, if Boston will allow us to say so, that it is the best thing the Jubilee has produced; "Uncle Gabriel's Account of his Campaigns" is interesting and like life; and "Recent Travels" is good enough for Mr. Howells—when Mr. Howells is in a good deal of a hurry, however. Mr. De Forest is hardly to be praised for his "Taillefer Bell-Rings," which ought to be more supernatural, or less supernatural, or at all events to be more interestingly natural. As it is, it seems like the beginnings of two slight things.

The *Catholic World* has a reply, which in fairness ought to be read, to the recent article in *Putnam's* on "Our Established Church." In fairness, too, the writer in *Putnam's* should make answer. Lovers of proverbs will find some Spanish ones, with explanations, by the lady who calls herself Fernan Caballero, in this number of the same magazine.

Everybody will agree that the August *Galaxy* is a good summer number, with a general effect of lightness, though there is no particular piece that one would pick out as being especially entertaining. Certainly not Mr. R. J. Hinton's "Race for Commercial Supremacy in Asia," which might answer as reading for next December—or the December after next. Speculations as to the strides of Russia in a given direction, and the strides of England in this and that direction, and other speculations as to the future of Central Asia, are as little capable of rousing the languid reader in America as almost any reading that is set before him. Mr. Grant White's "Age of Burlesque" perhaps comes as near being suitable for the season as anything in the *Galaxy's* list—the philosophy of it being easily rejectable, and the personal reminiscences of Rachel being new and interesting, and the chat about the troupe of "British Blondes" who have just left us being chat about persons whom we have all admired more or less, and who have puzzled many of us not a little. But the "age of burlesque" has not set in yet, and hardly will, we should say, even though *opéra bouffe* has travelled to London and to New York, and had good luck in its journey to foreign parts, and even though our British Lydia Thompson Troupe has had much applause and much managerial imitation here among American audiences. A "season of burlesque" is a better descriptive phrase, it strikes us, for our late time of wandering, now happily at an end; and if Mr. White's theory as to the tendency of our nineteenth century to the sardonical and the unsentimental seems to disappear when the name of an "age" is denied to our period of spectacular plays and Offenbach, that is not an objection which need trouble us too much. Some curiosity to know a new thing, and a popular fondness for easy moving music, and perhaps the most finished company-acting or stock-acting—or whatever it is that "stars" and their assistants do not do—which ever was witnessed in the United States, made *opéra bouffe* successful among us for a year or so. And the amusing, farcical unmeaningness of dramas—to call them so—such as "Ixion," and "Sinbad," and "The Forty Thieves," together with the unreserve of the good-lookingness—if we must not say beauty or prettiness—and the good-lookingness itself, is quite sufficient to account for the recent success of the burlesque on our stage. The exceptionally great success of this particular troupe is no doubt to be attributed to the yellow-haired troupe itself, much rather than to the fact, as Mr. White calls it, that we, all of us, nowadays, have so schooled ourselves to cover up our profoundest emotions with jests, and so believe in the satirical and mocking *Saturday Review*—that we find Miss Lydia Thompson, when she gives us a "walk round," or Mr. Harry Beckett, when as Minerva he drinks spirits out of a black bottle, or Mr. George Fox, when he tumbles out of a donkey-cart, the best expositors of our sardonic frame of mind. The fact is, we take it, that the legitimate drama and melodrama—never driven from the loyal Bowery—will return and reign over us in undiminished splendor very soon, and we shall forget—suckle that we are—our "White Fawns" and "Forty Thieves" just as some of us have forgotten already the many weeks of "Romeo and Juliet" last winter and spring, and fail to remember the unsardonical audiences that are listening to "Enoch Arden's" woes and the sorrows of "Dora." One thing amuses us to-day and another to-morrow; but we may feel pretty

sure that not even in Paris, with the Second Empire to form our manners for us, nor in London, with a certain number of admirers of the *Saturday Review* to help give society its tone, nor in New York, nor Boston, nor anywhere else, are we, in our capacity of theatre audiences, going to let the nineteenth century, or anything else, turn our stage into a place devoted to mocking and sneering. Probably the most cultivated class in no country now looks to the drama as a means of so much enjoyment and instruction as it once furnished, and thus the stage is perhaps guided more than formerly by the tastes of the classes next below the most intellectual. One would say that is the tendency at any rate, if it is not a veritable fact. But in this is a guarantee that heartier feelings than those at the basis of satire or self-contempt will rule the stage.

Dr. John C. Draper's article on "Mineral Waters" contains nothing that is new. With every apothecary in New York and all our large cities selling Vichy, and Kissingen, and other medicinal waters, and everybody drinking them with unmedical recklessness, a word or two from a good physician, as to the right use of such agents, would have a considerable value. But Doctor Draper's article is concerning visits to watering-places, and is too general to be of service. Mr. J. T. McKay, who writes "Climmerley Gap," we believe we have met before in a story which also was about a railroad train or a locomotive at a furious rate of speed. This story is tolerably well managed, as such stories go. Mr. Justin McCarthy's "Prince Napoleon" is magazine writing of the better order, but still it is essentially magazine writing, as distinguished from better writing; that is to say, it has the air of having been done quite as much for some purpose apart from the wish to treat of the subject carefully and fully as of having been done with that purpose in view. For the rest, it seems to be fair and is interesting and fresh. "How they Keep House at Compiègne" is better done than most of the work by the same hand, and if there is not much in it, what there is reads agreeably. "Feathered Life" is by Mr. John Burroughs, and has rather more of the books than is usual with his out-of-door papers, but it is good, and it makes one or two real additions to what has been recorded in regard to our smaller birds. The late Mr. Raymond is discoursed about by Mr. Augustus Maverick, who, it appears, assisted at the founding of the *Times*, or rather at the "getting-out" of the first number of that journal. But he does not make his reminiscences so long or so interesting as one would have supposed he might. "On a Cast of Tennyson's Hand" is a characteristic scrap of verse in the shape of a sonnet of the kind that we get from Mr. H. T. Tuckerman; and characteristic, too, of Doctor Parsons, and not of Doctor Parsons at his best, is the "Rose, the Cloud, and the Oriole." Adam plucked a damask rose, our fabulist says, and took it to Eve, "as once she lay in slumber curled," and laying it on her cheek, which he kissed at the same time, the rose became redder than before, for Eve blushed. Then an oriole lighted on the flower, and his breast turned from white and red to orange, and on the instant he snatched it and flew far as an opal cloud that burned overhead, and since then the sunset has its orange and gold and red. In the exercise of a wise discretion, editors might reject poems like this, and without doing any injury to the Nine Muses, one imagines.

Lippincott's contains a critical and biographical sketch of Mr. Joseph Jefferson, the comedian, which will please that gentleman's admirers. It is as good as any of the talk of old theatre-goers to convince us that the men first in their profession, and the greatest actors who ever trod the boards, are vastly less numerous in our own day than they were just before our advent. Mr. Trollope's "Vicar of Bullhampton" is the other readable thing in this month's *Lippincott's*. The second proposal of marriage has already taken place, though we are only in the eighteenth chapter; and provision seems to be made for a deal of misery for several people, though we can hardly tell what Captain Marrable will turn out like. "Is It a Gospel of Peace?" roundly scolds the truculent Doctor Sutherland, whose "war speech" a while ago flashed a lurid gleam on a figure not before familiar to many of us, and which again was at once swallowed up—irremediably, we had been supposing—by the dark. "Manifest Destiny" is by Mr. J. B. Austin, who wants both the Canadas and all the other British territory to the north of us, as well as Cuba, Jamaica, Porto Rico, and the rest of the West Indies—immediately, or as soon as may be. Our destiny, however, is a thing that we have all the same, whether we wait for it or make great haste; and why strong believers in it need disturb themselves, Mr. Austin does not make clear. Nothing is surer than that Canada and Cuba and the rest of the continent will be ready for us fully as soon as we are ready for them; and among the bad friends of America, so far as America consists of something besides feet and inches, not the least bad is the citizen who talks about "terri-

torial expansion" like a Democrat of 1845, while the country groaneth and travailth for good men—to say nothing of a lack of men merely. "An Adventure in the Snow" makes much out of little in an odd sort of way; and something like that might be said of the book-notices—both of that one which praises the late General Halpine and that one which abuses Mr. Stephen Fiske, whose little book of "English Photographs, by an American," does not call for particular dispraise. We must not forget to mention, in taking leave of *Lippincott's*, the beginning of a novel—"Magdalena," by the author of the "Old Mam'selle's Secret," nor the rather pretty little poem called "The Old Story." It is not a new story, certainly, in life or in letters, but it is neatly told.

As attractive to curiosity as any titles in *Putnam's* table of contents are those of two sonnets by Mr. Julian Hawthorne, the son of the great romance-writer. "Yes" is the title of one of them, while the better one is called "The Usurper," and may be said to be not unpromising. Miss Frances Power Cobbe begins in the August number of this magazine a discussion of the woman question, and seems to hold that woman is in bondage; that her subserviency is morally poisonous, and mentally is very injurious to her; and that the right of voting will put a new face upon her condition, making her in every way better. Mrs. Theodore S. Fay's "French Soldier at Inkermann" is the story of a lad who at Inkermann was in his first battle, and had both his legs shot off. It seems to have been taken down from his own lips, and perhaps has had a touch here and there from the amanuensis. If it is the writer's own, it certainly is well invented, and it is touching. "Old Times in Virginia and a Few Parallels" is by Mr. W. C. Elam, a Virginian, who shows from ancient records that Virginia should not fling reproaches at colonial Massachusetts, because colonial Virginia was just as bad—as having hanged witches, and oppressed Indians and Catholics and Quakers and Baptists, and compelled the worldly-minded into church on Sundays by the use of the secular arm, and freely employed the pillory and ducking-stool and stocks; in short, he shows what the judicious had suspected—that the mass of early Virginians were something like the Massachusetts men as regards the matter of belonging in thought and feeling to the age in which they were born. "Mauritius" is a slight article on a rather good subject; "Among Thieves" is of a kind recognizable by the title; "To-day: a Romance" we confess to having long given up reading; "More Light" is one of Professor De Vere's Popular Cyclopædia articles on lamps, candles, and oils; the ascent of "Monte Rosa," by Mr. J. M. Hart, is spirited and good, which is more than can be said for Mrs. Caroline Cheesebro's tale of "Lavinia," and more, indeed, than can be said of this number of the magazine in general. "Literature at Rome" illustrates pretty well a curious but common kind of criticism of books. One learns nothing of the book reviewed, and, we were going to say, nothing of anything else, and every little while comes a tag of newspaper, and then a line or two of verse, which give one the sort of sense of inevitableness and emptiness and unmeaningness which is given by things happening and words said in a dream. The effect is to make one sigh for a little truth and some force of language.

A very good number of *Harper's* opens with a sketchy illustrated paper on the Japanese as seen by two British army officers, and this is followed by something on "The New Theory of Heat" and an excellent new chapter of Mr. Moncreu Conway's "South Coast Saunterings," which some day will make a book with some curious learning in it and with a great deal of personal interest. The English predecessors of our American Brook Farmers are a principal theme with Mr. Conway this month, and his description is worth attention, as being about as good as most of us have seen or will see. Our author is never wholly to be trusted, however, being always subject to cliqueism, if there is such a word. What else would make anybody say that Marvell's "Garden" had been made a household word in England in virtue of being put into Mr. Alcott's "Tablets?" It is a pity that the households are not many into which this household word has gone, but into most of the few it was Marvell himself who took it. This is a small matter, to be sure, but as an example it is large enough, and illustrates the method of a school more important in its influence once than now, and, indeed, of much less influence than Mr. Conway, we dare say, supposes. He is not the only American who went to England a sufficient number of years since to be in the wrong oftener than in the right as regards the fluctuations of sentiment, thought, and opinion in the country he has left behind.

"Reminiscences of Oxford" is by an ancient esquire bedel of that university, who began his college life in 1789, but who must have been a very aged man at matriculation if he is old enough to remember the origin of

some of the jokes which he quotes with great garrulity and good faith. "The Graves at Newport" deals with some of the antiquities of the old town; "Slavery in Palaces" is something about the life—to call it so—of a Spanish queen a hundred and fifty years ago; "Borrowed Baggage" is a tale of true love which did run smooth, and "Hetty's Liberal Education" is a tale of love which did "run rusty" enough, the heroine trifling with the affections of the true man, and allowing the trivial man to pay the most marked attentions to her, until it happens that her face and neck get badly burned and scarred by fire, whereupon the slight foppish Thorn absents himself in a sneaking manner, having loved only the beauty of Hetty, while the true man forgives and forgets. Hetty is taken back again, as if she had always been entirely worthy of the brave Mills. "Draw your Conclusions" is cleverer, though not so mouth-filling, as "Hetty's Liberal Education," and introduces the low comic element into some highly complicated affairs of the heart. Poproy is the name of one of the parties, Buffum is that of another, and another is called Adolphus, by way of contrast to Belah, which is Mr. Buffum's first name. This latter device is a great success.

Harper's praises several American works, we see, in its book reviews, but it has been publishing a novel of its own, "The New Timothy," which is very much superior to a majority of contemporary novels, American or other. Its author's name is not given, but it almost deserves a place with "Inside, a Story of Secession"—a story of which not enough has been heard. This new book does not, perhaps, impress as a work based on great culture; but its good sense and the firm texture of it make it always a work that a man need not be ashamed to have done, and it is often vivid and often genuinely humorous. The bitter, sneaking young pair of "poor trash," while attending the funeral of General Likens, are admirably given in the last of these chapters before us. Here they are, kicking their heels at the gate of the old man's house, and grumbling over their grievances, one of which is that a brother of the pair has turned his thoughts toward religion—has endeavored to induce "the old man" to come over to the funeral:

"You hear Doc try the old man?" remarks Toad again, after a silence, whittling nearer his companion and further from the gate, as the company still continues to arrive.

"To get him to come?" answers Zed, with an oath.

"Not straight out, you know; he hinted round," said Toady, with half-a-dozen curses. And that was a peculiarity of the Meggar family, that hinting round. Very rarely, indeed, did any one under that roof ask a direct question of, or make any direct remark, unless it was a curse, to any other there. This would involve their looking each other straight in the eyes while they spoke—a thing habitually avoided by them even in the heat of quarrel. Old Mrs. Meggar only asked direct questions, made remarks aimed at some one person under her roof, looking in the eyes of the person she addressed as she spoke; but she was a disagreeable exception to the general rule—a sort of incarnate conscience in the centre of the family on that account.

"Yes, Doc he hinted round an' round the old man like a bumble-bee, comin' closer an' closer ev'ry time," said Toad, who had himself not seen his companion's eyes in his life except furtively.

"An' what did that old cuss say?" enquires Zed.

"He was a-smokin' by the fire. 'Ketch me goin' to funerals,' says he. Old 'oman was a-knittin' in the corner,' continues Toad. "Soul?" the old man says, says he, "ha'n't got any. Spit it away in tobacco-juice; puffed it away in tobacco-smoke; drowned it out in whiskey; cussed it to pieces long ago." An' he up an' slams on his breast with his hand. "Hollow!" says he, "hempty!" Old 'oman she was cryin' softly; when he says that she ups an' out.

"Breaks for the butter-beans," remarks Zed, and very correctly.

"Ha'n't been no fun sence that bar-fight," continues Toad, at last. "General Likens he comes over—glad he's gone; Brown Bob he sits an' talks; that young parson act'y hes his praars in the house! Goin' to preachin', too, ev'ry Sunday; old 'oman on old gray, or in the wagon; we a-followin' behind."

"An' Doc he tryin' to ease off from swearin'." Zed continues the catalogue of grievances. "A fellar that could swear the bark off a black-jack too—he tryin' to give up swearin'!" The thought is painful to both in the extreme.

"Did my best, too, to stop it," complains Toad; "his givin' it up. Crossed and bothered him more'n I ever dar to do before. You see I thought Doc he'd blaze out at me like he used to; get in the way again so."

"Not a curse at las'. Only got knocked down for your pains," observes Zed, moodily.

"But, I say, look here," says Toad, after some silent whittling under the temporary influence, probably, of the funeral and of the many solemn faces grouped around and arriving every moment, and as if by a desperate effort, "S'pose a fellar turns out he *hes* got a soul somewhere among his in'ards—and s'pose there *is* a God—" But his conjectures are broken by the indignant oaths of his disgusted friend, who trembles inwardly with even greater apprehension himself.

Mr. Curtis, in the "Easy Chair," gives some very sound advice to Mr.

Nathaniel Sands, a friend of the "practical education," who is not one of its most judicious friends. Mr. Curtis's article is calculated to do good, if only because it takes the question out of the muddle in which one usually finds it, and because of its conciliatory moderation. This, however, is rather to be looked for in a defender of the classics, who generally can admit, if he cannot exactly judge, the value of the practical man's favorite pursuits; while, on the other hand, the latter, trying to estimate things all but imponderable, except by more delicate balances than he has at command, is always in danger of sneering in the dark. The Boston Jubilee Mr. Curtis speaks of with a civility and kindness which we hope the Bostonians will remember to his credit; he is not quite sure about the goodness of the music; but as "a big thing" it was somewhat, he thinks. He does not say the same thing; but, on the contrary, quite the reverse concerning the means and appliances for drinking which were used in the days of prohibition in Maine—the days of prohibition and enforcement.

Hours at Home contains some words of remembrance of Mr. Raymond from a gentleman long connected with him in his work on the *Times*, and who, like everybody else who knew him well, speaks of Mr. Raymond with a good deal of personal affection, and evidently with sincere respect. Very few men have ever died in this country whose departure was the signal for more kinder and sincere notice. Apart from his personal amiability, it seems to have been everywhere recognized, as soon as he was gone, that, during all his editorial life, he had wielded great powers with great regard for the rights and feelings of others, and this is surely higher praise than most men can ever claim. Professor Porter's "Books and Reading"

has reached its seventh instalment; "On the Steppe" is a paper of travel by Mr. Eugene Schuyler, who has wandered over the Ural Mountains and had his first glimpse of Asia; "Folingsby's Pond"—there are two, we believe—is by Mr. J. F. Headley, who years ago knew the Adirondacks very well, and in this article tells how one of Napoleon's colonels lived as a hermit in the woods near the Raquette, and was buried at last in the wilderness. We do not know that anything in particular is to be said of the other articles in *Hours at Home*. "The Story of Kristopher Kroy" goes on, and so does "Compton Friars," by the author of "Mary Powell;" and there is a fair allowance of other sober and reputable light reading.

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First Annual Report of the Trustees of the Peabody Academy of Science, 1868, swd.	(Salem)	
Jones (Rev. J.), St. Liguori's Way of Salvation	(Cath. Pub. Soc.)	
Koner (Prof. Dr. W.), Zeitschrift der Gesellschaft für Erdkunde zu Berlin, No. 31.	(L. W. Schmidt)	
Lectures before the Lowell Institute, Boston, on the Early History of Massachusetts, 1 vol.	(Boston)	
Lippitt (Brig.-Gen. F. J.), Field Service in War	(D. Van Nostrand)	
Marlitt (E.), Countess Gisela: a Tale, from the German, Part 1, swd.	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)	0 75
Packard (Dr. A. S., Jr.), Guide to the Study of Insects, Part VIII, swd.	(Salem)	0 50
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